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July 9, 1977
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Annual Mid-Year Business Review

THE PAYOFF

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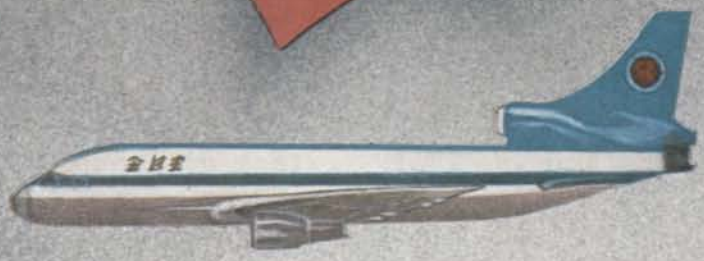

by Former Lockheed President A. Carl Kotchian:

"My initiation into the chill realities of extortion, Japanese style, began in 1972. In August of that year I flew to Tokyo to work for the sale to a Japanese airline of Lockheed's wide-bodied TriStar passenger plane..."

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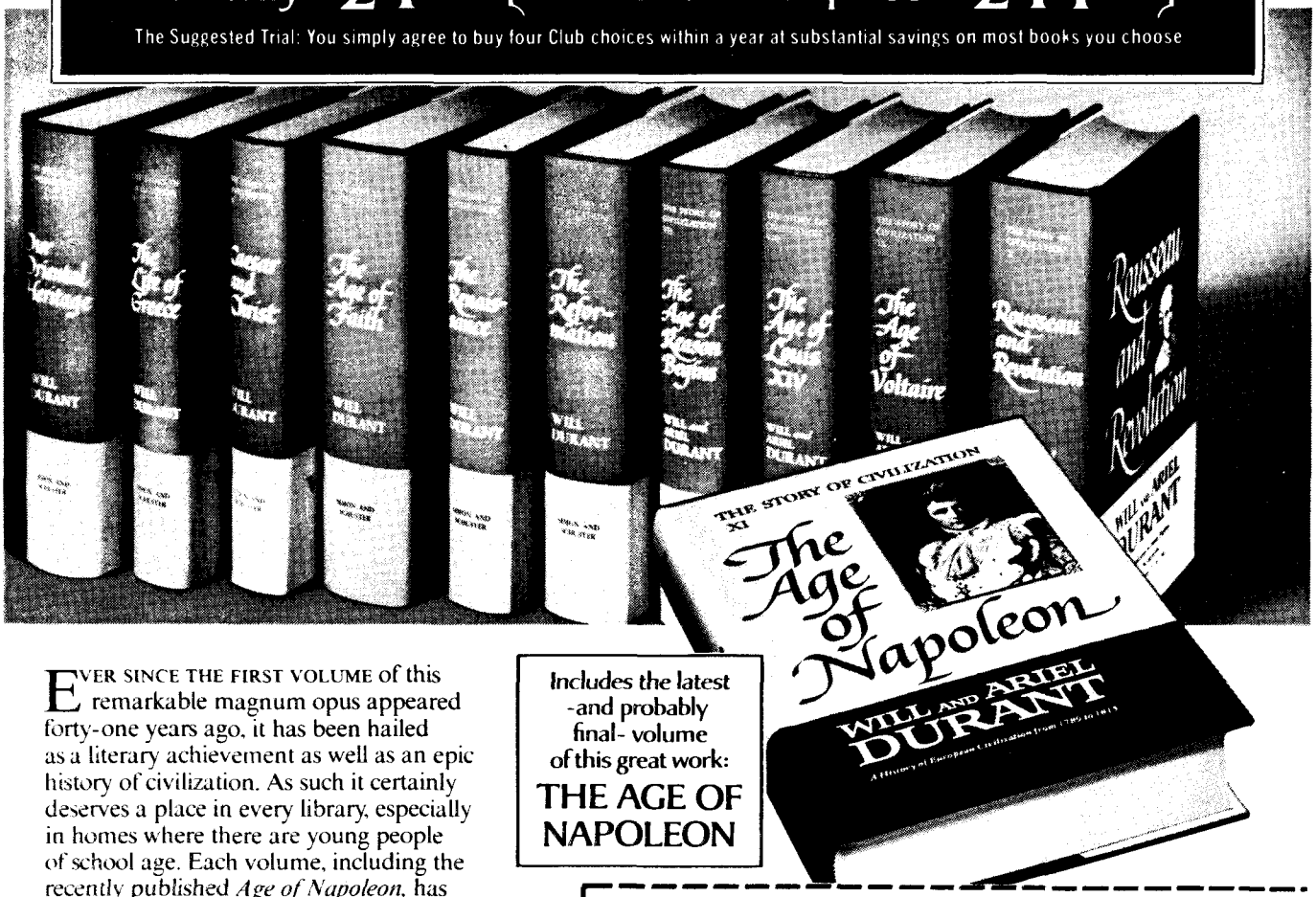

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The Young Mission

"Andrew Young knows that Africa is moving swiftly toward what could be one of the most violent tragedies in history."

ANDREW YOUNG is getting a battering these days. The United States Ambassador to the United Nations has been heavily criticized for his statements on world affairs, mostly in connection with events in Africa. He has been called before a Congressional committee to account for his pronouncements. Even James B. Reston, the *New York Times* editorialist whose name is synonymous with judicious appraisal, wrote a column suggesting that Ambassador Young was out of line.

The fact that much of the criticism has come from quarters considered friendly to the Administration has given rise to speculations that Andy Young may be on his way out. Considering the close relationship between Jimmy Carter and Andy Young, such speculations may be thinly grounded. The President, at this writing, is standing behind Andy Young. We commend him for doing so, and we hope he won't change his mind.

The headlines and the news reports have focused on certain of Andy Young's remarks that make good copy. What the news reports haven't said is that the U.S. position at the United Nations has been enormously strengthened by the kind of representation this earnest, well-informed man is giving the American people. He has managed to convince delegates from the preponderance of the world's peoples that the United States is not insensitive to the historic and dominant concerns of human beings who are struggling to find a place of freedom and respect for themselves on this planet.

When Andy Young came to his post, the general impression was that the United States regarded the U.N. as an arena for competing with other nations on the level of fulmination and abuse. After only a few months, he managed to reverse that concept. The result is that he has created a respectful audience for the American position. This is what he is supposed to do.

Mr. Young has been scored because of his seeming preoccupation with Africa. But Africa for Andy Young is not a capricious or subjective concern. He knows—and it is unfortunate that this knowledge is not widespread inside the United States—that Africa is moving swiftly toward what could be one of the most violent tragedies in history. Those who are close to the situation believe that a breakdown will produce ten million casualties or more in short order. The world's relief agencies are not even remotely equipped to deal with needs of this magnitude. Dr. W. F. Bulle, of the International Committee of the Red Cross, has recently returned from the area and predicts that the fantastically large number of deaths will be caused more by the absence of transport, shelter, sanitation, and medical facilities than by wartime injuries.

Serious observers find it difficult to believe that atomic weapons will not be used in the later stages of conflict.

Andy Young has been living with these hideous apprehensions. His visit to Africa was not for the purpose of making declarations but for the purpose of meeting with people on both sides in a systematic attempt to create an atmosphere for negotiations. The newspapers have made it appear that he was an unwelcome outsider who presumed to lecture to white government officials. What they haven't emphasized is that he spent most of his time with black leaders in southern Africa, attempting to divert them from violent solutions. He tried to convince them they are wrong in thinking that the only way they can achieve freedom and social justice is through force. He told them that the United States is willing to be their spokesman in seeking justice.

There is an even larger perspective in which Andy Young and his mission have to be considered. Since the end of the Second World War, the world balance of power has been determined not on the level of weaponry but on the level of political influence. The stakes are the support of the majority of the world's peoples. The competition between the United States and the Soviet Union has been only superficially for superior military firepower; fundamentally, the competition has been for the goodwill and political support of the people outside both countries. If what the United States really seeks in the world is genuine security, it is not likely to find it through a larger nuclear stockpile. Beyond a certain point, the big bombs are meaningless—except as a design for suicide. For our basic security, we have to look to our political influence in the world.

SOME Americans seem to think that any country that is not a carbon copy of the United States is somehow to be shunned or punished. The biggest mistake of American foreign policy since the end of the Second World War has been the assumption that any neutralist nation is automatically to be regarded as a foe of the United States. Essentially, this error was behind the disaster in Indochina. In Laos, for example, we helped to overthrow the neutralist government of Souvanna Phouma in favor of what we thought would be a regime with a pronounced tilt toward the United States. What we got instead was a civil war with thousands of dead and a substantial number of people who turned to the Communist cause for the first time.

Andrew Young thinks we should have learned something from Laos, Cambodia, and Vietnam, where we alienated a large part of the world's peoples. He doesn't want us to make the same error in southern Africa. The last thing in the world we ought to be doing is snapping at his heels. We ought to be spurring him on and convincing all who will listen that he speaks out of a deep feeling for what the United States is all about. —N.C.

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Letters from Readers

The Court and the Constitution

Laughlin McDonald ["Has the Supreme Court Abandoned the Constitution?" May 28] offers little evidence that the Supreme Court has forgotten that its job is "to interpret and defend the Constitution."

The Constitution is a remarkably flexible document, and it has survived quite a variety of interpretations. Back in the Thirties it began to be interpreted in ways that, I suspect, its original authors would have found hard to accept. But the document has survived 40 years of liberal interpretation so well, so comfortably, that one may hope it can survive a somewhat more conservative period equally well.

It seems to me that the Court has interpreted the Constitution in such a way as to correct the excesses of the times. We needed the emphasis on personal rights; but now the pendulum has swung so far that society itself needs some protection. McDonald weeps for a man "left to spend his life in the slammer because of a technicality"; can he spare a tear also for a society on whom a convicted murderer is turned loose because of a technicality?

I applaud Chief Justice Burger's resolve to hear fewer cases. There are limits to what a nine-man Court can do, and very clearly it cannot do for 215 million people what it was able to do in past years for a much smaller population. Some of the "schemes to keep people out of court" of which McDonald complains may be "devastating to ordinary citizens with legitimate complaints," but the alternative —a docket so crowded as to preclude adequate attention to individual cases—would be, I think, devastating to society as a whole.

Don Johnstone
Albuquerque, N.M.

Like the Bible, the Constitution says what the interpreter says it does. Possibly that is why both have survived as they have. Thus, the Supreme Court has not forgotten what its job is; it merely interprets the Constitution differently than McDonald thinks it should.

Many people would say that a pendulum swing in the direction the Court is taking is not a bad thing. Today we have so many laws and rulings to protect the innocent that, paradoxically, it has become difficult to protect the innocent.

Ray Cowen
Kennedale, Texas

The Supreme Court should use the philosophy courts use in interpreting a contract: deducing the intention of the parties to the contract *at the time the contract was consummated.* The words of our Constitution mean now what they meant when they were written, no more and no less. Because the Marshall Court rejected this modus, and no Court since then has returned to this philosophy, I would say that the Supreme Court abandoned our Constitution in the infancy of this nation.

Apparently McDonald preferred the sophistical aberrations of the Warren Court to the sophistical aberrations of the Burger Court. Neither Court was or is following our Constitution.

W. M. Woods
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

The Tune of the Hickory Stick

It was G. K. Chesterton who said that an institution that could do nothing right was just as miraculous as one that could do no wrong. Your special issue seems to have conferred this power upon the U.S. Supreme Court.

The real prize for contrariness, however, goes to Fred M. Hechinger ["Full Speed Backward," May 28], who stated that the Court's ruling on corporal punishment in the schools was "at the expense . . . of a half-century of pedagogical progress."

What progress is he talking about? For many years, conditions in public schools have, from all accounts, been little short of chaotic. Perhaps some judicious pedagogic paddling might instill a modicum of scholarship and order into the students—something that, recently, has been sadly, even dangerously, lacking.

R. N. Usher-Wilson
Bronxville, N.Y.

Middling Remarks

I was dismayed by Thomas H. Middleton's recent column ["Maybe He Isn't So Bad After All," May 14]. After admitting he felt sexist using "his-her-him," Middleton resolved in his March 5 column to try to use "their-them." Yet by May 14, he had given up trying to change his sexist habits because, he said, the new form was not "comfortable." For weeks, he wrote, he had tried to change.

For weeks, Mr. Middleton? Did you learn to play tennis in weeks? Did you learn your present language habits in weeks? Those who work with language as professionals have the opportunity—and the responsibility—to help ease social change by helping to modify the language that expresses that change. If they are genuinely concerned about eliminating sexist language, they will devote the rest of their lives to that effort, not a few weeks.

Mary Gaber
Salt Lake City, Utah

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THE PAYOFF
Lockheed's 70-Day Mission to Tokyo

by A. Carl Kotchian

(Continued from cover)

Soon after landing I found myself deep in conversation with Toshiharu Okubo, an official of Marubeni, the trading company that was serving as Lockheed's representative and go-between in the already ongoing TriStar negotiations.

Beaming, Okubo reviewed Marubeni's efforts on behalf of TriStar, then gave me the good news that "tomorrow at seven-thirty A.M., we are seeing Prime Minister Tanaka" about the matter. I was quite impressed with and encouraged by the "power of Marubeni"—power that made it possible to make an appointment with the prime minister only 24 hours after I had asked Marubeni to set up such a meeting. Then came an unexpected development: when we began to discuss in detail how to bring about the sale of TriStar, Okubo suddenly suggested that I make a "pledge" to pay money for a major favor like this. Though the proposal did not appall and outrage me, I was nonetheless quite astonished that the question of money had been brought up so abruptly —especially since in broaching the idea Okubo mentioned the name of the prime minister's secretary, Toshio Enomoto.

"How much money do we have to pledge?" I asked.

"The going rate when asking for a major favor is usually five hundred million yen [roughly $1.7 million]. It can be smaller. . . . "

I was now faced with the problem of whether to make a payment to Japan's highest government office. If I refused, declining Marubeni's advice, and should our sale fail, I was certain that the full responsibility would be placed squarely upon me by Marubeni's officials, who could say to me, "We told you so. You did not listen to us."

Sensing my hesitation, Okubo reiterated, "If you wish to be successful in selling the aircraft, you would do well to pledge five hundred million yen."

During this exchange, Okubo never mentioned for whom the money was intended. But we both knew that our whole conversation had been about the meeting between Prime Minister Tanaka and Chairman Hiyama of Marubeni, scheduled for early in the morning of the next day. Stalling for time and hoping to discover for whom the money was intended, I asked, "How do you deliver that money?"

"We do not have to worry about it," Okubo assured me, "because Mr. Ito [Hiroshi Ito, another executive of Marubeni] is very close to Mr. Enomoto, the prime minister's secretary."

This exchange left me with no doubt that the money was going to the office of Japan's prime minister. Then, in response to my further questions, Okubo concretely spelled out the details of the arrangement—the amount, 500 million yen; the way it had to be put together, in Japanese yen, cash; the fact that it had to be ready when we were given the signal; and the way the delivery of the money was to be accomplished, through the prime minister's secretary. This, then, was how I got involved in the now much publicized secret payments to Japanese government officials.

And "involved" is the word, for later that day I had a meeting near Tokyo's Sony Building with Yoshio Kodama, Lockheed's confidential consultant in Japan. So Byzantine were the TriStar maneuverings that Marubeni, our "above ground" agents and consultants, had no idea that Kodama was on Lockheed's payroll! In keeping with the air of mystery surrounding these dealings, Kodama always insisted on meeting me in the evening, because, I gather, he did not want employees in the other offices to see a highly conspicuous, six-foot-tall *gaijin*—a Japanese word for "foreigner"—going in and out of his office.

During the meeting, I asked about the chances of Lockheed's enlisting the support of Kenji Osano, an intimate of Prime Minister Tanaka whom some people had urged on me as an adviser, since he was "the most influential person in Japan." On this point, Kodama told me without hesitation, "In order to include Mr. Osano, we need an extra five hundred million yen." Frankly, I was quite surprised that he had come up with this figure so readily, as though it had already been decided on well in advance.

So my education in Japanese business practices was proceeding apace: it was the second time that day that I had been asked for "five hundred million yen." I felt that this particular figure must be used quite often in Japan!

In fact, as I thought about it back in my room at the Hotel Okura, I had now had *three* requests for around 500 million yen—520 million yen for Kodama on our contract with him,

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"I knew from the beginning that this money was going to the office of the prime minister. There was no need for me to know how the money was going to be delivered."

a second 500 million yen requested by Okubo to make a "payment pledge," and finally the third 500 million yen requested by Kodama for the inclusion of Osano in our campaign. I could not help thinking about these payments while I was having a room service dinner with my wife, Lucy. I was, in fact, thinking of calling Okubo to stop the 500 million yen that I had promised to pledge; but if I did that, I thought, I would have to tell him about the 500 million yen requested by Kodama. I decided at the last minute not to do that.

But why, you may wonder, did Lockheed put up at all with these under-the-counter demands? Why not just throw up our hands and try to sell our planes in some other country?

The truth is that—for the moment, at least—Lockheed had nowhere else to go *but* Japan. Although our planes were, and still are, first-rank products, fully competitive with if not superior to any other planes in the world, we had just come off a run of bad luck in the European market. To our chagrin and dismay, we had lost out on contract after airline contract—especially with Italy's Alitalia, Germany's Lufthansa, and Belgium's Sabena airlines.

Further, we were having difficulties with U.S. Defense Department contracts for the "Cheyenne" helicopter and the giant C5A Galaxie transport plane.

This bleak situation all but dictated a strong push for sales in the biggest untapped market left—Japan. This push, if successful, might well bring in revenues upwards of $400 million. Such a cash inflow would go a long way toward helping to restore Lockheed's fiscal health, and it would, of course, save the jobs of thousands of the firm's employees.

Against this background, I could hardly afford simply to fly away in disgust at the mere mention of these payments—payments which were in any case not forbidden under U.S. law. Realistically, the best I could hope for was to bend a bit in the face of these demands, while keeping our payments to a minimum percentage of any sale that went through.

While I was working in the Lockheed office at about 10:00 A.M. the next day, August 23, I received a telephone call from Okubo. He asked me to come to his office.

When I got there an hour or so later, I found him in a very jovial mood. He told me, "I accompanied Mr. Hiyama, Marubeni's chairman, to Prime Minister Tanaka's residence this morning."

According to Okubo, the two men had seen Prime Minister Tanaka briefly, and then Okubo left while Hiyama stayed to talk with the prime minister. He did not tell me what the three of them talked about, or what Hiyama talked about with the prime minister. But then Okubo confided:

"That pledge has been made, too."

I do not know specifically how the pledge was made to the office of the prime minister, since these transactions seemed to be such a uniquely Japanese method. All I know is that I was given no paper saying, for instance, "If Lockheed is successful, we will pay 500 million yen," and the like. First of all, it was not clear whether the pledge was made to the prime minister himself or to his secretary. But I did not ask Okubo about this point, nor did I have any intention of doing so. I knew from the beginning that this money was going to the office of the prime minister and there was no need for me to have to pin down exactly to whom it was going or how the money was going to be delivered.

For the next few months, as summer passed over into fall, I stayed on in Tokyo, trying with little success to force-feed the situation, while delays, diversions, and frustrations piled up.

Then, to make things worse, late in October I was knocked flat by the pain and fever of a severe "bug" infection. Doctors, antibiotics, and bed rest seemed to do me no good: all I could do was lie there in my hotel suite, aching and perspiring and thinking darkly about jumping out the window. I suspect that it was only my wife's comforting presence that kept me from doing something drastic.

On October 29, when I was at my lowest ebb physically and mentally, our telephone started ringing. I picked up the receiver thinking, Who can it be at this time on a Sunday night? It was Okubo. Judging from the way his voice sounded, he seemed to be telephoning from a faraway place. After we exchanged pleasantries, he pointed out that the final decision by All Nippon Airlines (ANA)—the largest Japanese domestic carrier—would be made very shortly and said:

"If you do three things, Mr. Kotchian, you will definitely succeed in selling the TriStar."

I was struck with the importance of what Okubo was trying to say to me, and I straightened out the receiver in my hand and asked him, like a pupil asking questions of a teacher, "What are these three things that I have to do?" There was a tension in Okubo's voice, and for my part I listened to him with the phone pressed hard against my ear.

His first few stipulations were relatively minor, having to do with the maintenance of any planes Lockheed might sell to All Nippon Airlines. I readily agreed to them. And then came the "hook." According to Okubo, I had to get together as soon as possible $400,000—that is, 120 million Japanese yen—cash. "If possible, the first thing tomorrow morning, it has to be ready," Okubo urged me. As I'm sure he knew, it would have been impossible to have such a large sum of money ready on such short notice. I began asking questions; above all, What is the money for?

"To give three hundred thousand dollars [90 million yen] to Mr. Wakasa, president of All Nippon Airlines," Okubo blandly explained, "and also to make payments to six politicians."

As Okubo mentioned the six politicians by name, I wrote the names down on a hotel memo pad.

"If we give three hundred thousand dollars to Mr. Wakasa and to each of the six politicians, won't that make two million one hundred thousand dollars—six hundred thirty million yen?" I asked.

Suffering from a high fever and pain, I really became sick at the thought of such a preposterous sum. Okubo had, I reflected, already asked me for 500 million yen in August and I had agreed to make the pledge. Now he's asking more

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"Okubo wanted to distribute the money as follows: 7 million yen each to Hashimoto and Nikaido, and 4 million yen each to Sasaki, Fukunaga, Sato, and Kato."

money for payments to politicians. What is he trying to do to me? Okubo hurriedly objected to my 630-million-yen figure: "No, not such a large sum."

"Is it, then, three hundred thousand dollars altogether, including the payments to the politicians?"

"No, that is not correct either. What I'm trying to say is. . . ."

In the end, it came down to this: the amount of money that had to be delivered to Mr. Wakasa, the president of ANA, was $300,000 altogether. This amount was calculated on the basis of $50,000 for each of the six airplanes ANA planned to purchase initially. In addition to this $300,000 for ANA, Okubo mentioned that an additional $100,000 should be prepared in Japanese yen—cash—and that this money should go to the following six politicians:

Tomisaburo Hashimoto, secretary-general of the Liberal Democratic party.

Susumu Nikaido, chief cabinet secretary.

Hideyo Sasaki, minister of transportation.

Kazuomi Fukunaga, chairman of the Liberal Democratic party's special committee on aviation.

Takayuki Sato, former parliamentary vice-minister of transportation.

Mutsuki Kato, present parliamentary vice-minister of transportation.

Of the six politicians, I had not heard of Kazuomi Fukunaga and Mutsuki Kato. Of the remaining four, I had never met or talked with even one (and have never met them since, either); but I had heard of them and had seen their names in the newspapers. The hotel's telephone memo paper, on which I jotted down their names in romanized Japanese, was the so-called "memo" that had the names of the high Japanese government officials; it is this memo that became a great subject of curiosity when the Lockheed incident was disclosed in the United States.

As for the breakdown of this money for the politicians, Okubo expressed the intention of distributing the money as follows: 7 million yen each to Hashimoto and Nikaido, and 4 million yen each to Sasaki, Fukunaga, Sato, and Kato.

"If you do this first thing tomorrow morning," said Okubo, full of confidence, "we can formally get ANA's order tomorrow without fail." I had a feeling that these figures and

The Misty Line Between Bribery and Extortion

In overseas business-government relations, the distinction between bribery and extortion is frequently blurred. In the marketplace, the actor who initiates the political payment is not always apparent. Consider this situation. A minister responsible for the defense of a desert emirate on the Arabian peninsula has had before him a proposal to buy a squadron of sophisticated jet fighter aircraft from company Y, an American aircraft manufacturer. A decision has been withheld for months. There have been rumors of a pending visit by a high-ranking Soviet military delegation who, it is understood, will offer the ruler a squadron of MIG fighter aircraft, defense missiles, and a training program on far more favorable terms than those proposed by company Y. In response to increasingly anxious inquiries on the status of its proposal, Y's local agent informs the company's home office that a decision by the minister can be expedited by the judicious application of the Middle East's magic elixir—baksheesh—in the form of a million-dollar check deposited in a numbered Swiss bank account. (In accordance with the prevailing custom in the former Trucial States, this money payment will be shared with the ruler.)

It is not clear from the agent's communication whether this method of expediting the ministerial decision is his own idea or reflects an intimation conveyed to him by the minister's aide. Subsequently *The Wall Street Journal* carries a short paragraph reporting that company Y has been awarded a hundred-million-dollar contract by the Emirate of Khalish.

The whole transaction raises many questions: Did the transaction involve bribery or was it extortion? Was the payment made to induce the minister to accelerate the performance of his duty? Was it made to ensure a decision favoring a U.S. supplier? Did the Department of State and the American embassy play a part in turning the decision to company Y? Or was the payment made in response to pressure extended by the minister on company Y through its agent?

In the black market for political influence, *who* did *what* to *whom* makes much practical difference. And likewise, on the scales of justice in the temporal world, guilt is not evenly assigned. It is useful to note that, in their coverage of political payments by American companies abroad, *who* initiates a political payment has not seemed to make much difference to the U.S. media—and, until recently, to the Securities and Exchange Commission. Payments have often been described indiscriminately as "bribes," and the implication has been drawn that the guilty party to the transaction was the corporate payer. Somehow, the payee (who may have instigated the demand for the payment) is rarely mentioned; or he is treated as having been corrupted by American businessmen and their agents. ◉

From the forthcoming Bribery and Extortion in World Business, *by Neil H. Jacoby, Peter Nehemkis, and Richard Eells, to be published this fall by Macmillan.*

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"What businessman who is dealing with trade matters could decline a request for certain amounts of money when that money would enable him to get the contract?"

the names must have been carefully thought about by someone. The problem, however, was that it was already past midnight and it was going to be very difficult to prepare such a large sum of money so quickly.

"By what time do we have to prepare this amount?" I asked.

"I would like you to have the whole sum of money ready by ten A.M. tomorrow," responded Okubo.

"That is impossible. I could not have it ready so quickly."

"The thirty million yen [for the politicians] is highly important. Couldn't you have that much ready at least?"

"Well, I'll try to do my best," I responded, adding, "and I will have the remaining ninety million yen ready at the earliest possible date. I will let you know on this remaining amount tomorrow morning."

If some third party had heard this conversation, he could ask why I responded to this request for secret payments. However, I must admit that it was extremely persuasive and attractive at that time to have someone come up to me and confidently tell me, "If you do this, you will surely get ANA's order in twenty-four hours." What businessman who is dealing with commercial and trade matters could decline a request for certain amounts of money when that money would enable him to get the contract? For someone like myself, who had been struggling against plots and severe competition for over two months, it was almost impossible to dismiss this opportunity.

At about 10:00 A.M. the next day, a Lockheed representative in Tokyo called to tell me that—pursuant to my instructions—he had delivered the 30 million yen to Okubo. (As for the remaining 90 million yen, I believe it was delivered on November 6, after I left Japan.)

Later that day, a group of us who had been working on the TriStar sale met in the lobby of the Kasumigaseki Building; Mr. Matsui of Marubeni got into the elevator with us, and together we went up to the head office of All Nippon Airlines. When we were ushered into one of the conference rooms in the main office, the top management of ANA had already assembled. I was told, "Congratulations, Mr. Kotchian, you have won the contract."

Feverish and light-headed though I was from my illness, I nonetheless felt very happy when I heard this and had a warm feeling inside me. I came back to the hotel at about seven o'clock and waited a little bit longer until it was Monday morning, California time. Then I called up our main office in Burbank and informed Mr. Haughton, our chairman, of the good news. He was delighted and told me that on my return they were going to have a big celebration party for all of us who had worked on the sale.

Now, finally, I began to feel a sense of victory after the most intense sales campaign of my life. It was a victory of pain after 70 straight days of battle in which I had literally run around the great city of Tokyo without getting a chance to know it at all. At about seven o'clock on the evening of October 31, our suite was filled with happy Lockheed men and women who had worked many weeks for this occasion. Everybody's face looked so happy and bright; champagne was opened, one bottle after another. I even poured champagne over the head of Peter Mingrone, a Lockheed executive who had helped enormously in the sales campaign.

AFTER returning to the States, I began to take care of the areas of my responsibility other than Japan. Having completed the official signing of the contract document, I thought that the sales campaign of the TriStar in Japan had been completed.

SYGMA

Former prime minister Tanaka—"Secret payments . . . Byzantine maneuverings."

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"After the second contract was concluded, Okubo again demanded $400,000 from us, calculated on the basis of $50,000 per plane for eight planes."

I believe it was around June 25, 1973, although I do not specifically remember the date, that I received an unexpected telephone communication from Okubo, who said, "Now is the time for you to honor that pledge."

For one second, I wondered what he was talking about, but then I realized that by the word *pledge*, he was talking about the pledge of 500 million yen that we made to the office of Prime Minister Tanaka the previous August. The word *pledge* had been used frequently at that time in Okubo's office when we were talking about the subject. Nevertheless, there had been a ten-month lapse since August. It had been almost half a year since Lockheed and ANA officially signed the formal contract in January. I wondered why he was bringing this up now, when the sales campaign of the TriStar to ANA had long ago been completed.

"I am very surprised, Mr. Okubo, because it all happened six or eight months ago; and we haven't heard anything about it. Frankly, as our campaign has been completed, I don't have that kind of budget now," I told him.

"Yes, but that is the pledge that you agreed upon and accepted," Okubo insisted.

"But you have not communicated with us for such a long time on this matter. The whole deal was completed six months ago," I repeated.

I expressed strong opposition to doing this kind of thing this late. Therefore I asked him: "Are you sure it's necessary, Mr. Okubo?"

Okubo said, "Let me check into it. If it's really necessary, I'll get back to you."

This is how our telephone conversation ended on that day. Three days later, Okubo called me again and said: "This is very serious, Mr. Kotchian, and you must carry out that pledge."

Okubo *sounded* very serious and worried. He said that he had talked to Mr. Hiyama, the chairman of the board of Marubeni, on this matter, and that Mr. Hiyama asked him to tell me that if Lockheed did not stand by its pledge, we would never be able to sell anything in Japan again. Worse still, Okubo said, if the pledge was not honored, "Mr. Hiyama will have to leave Japan."

It was quite shocking for me to hear that the chairman of Marubeni would have to leave Japan. I interpreted this as meaning that Hiyama would be forced into exile.

"You have convinced me, Mr. Okubo, that the matter is indeed serious," I told him, promising that I would get in touch with him early the next week.

After hanging up the telephone, I went home and thought about the matter overnight. I decided on the basis of what Okubo had told me that we could not possibly risk any retaliation against Lockheed or against Marubeni. If we did not make the payment on this matter, Hiyama would be forced into exile, Lockheed might not be able to sell anything in Japan again, and our relations with Marubeni might be completely disrupted. Consequently, the more I thought about it, the more I was convinced that there was no alternative but to make the payment. In the end, after talking it over with other Lockheed executives, I called Okubo and told him we would honor the pledge.

Throughout these three international telephone calls on this matter, Okubo never once mentioned the name of the person for whom the money was intended, or the amount; and neither did I. Perhaps we were both mindful of the fact that the conversation was going through the telephone exchange and we did not want to be overheard by anybody; but more than anything else, we were both aware that this 500 million yen was going to the office of the prime minister.

UPI

Anti-Lockheed protest in Tokyo—"Public accusation and the humiliation of arrest."

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"Every investigation campaign requires an 'example,' a 'scapegoat,' and Lockheed is in that role today in the current international climate of reform."

I never asked why the payment was necessary at this particular stage, after so many months had passed. All I know is that the designated amount was paid—spread over the remainder of 1973 to early 1974. I did not know then that it was made in four shipments or when it was paid specifically.

When I visited Japan in October 1973, on my way back from Iran, to arrange the date for the delivery of the first plane, All Nippon Airlines had already decided to make a firm order for the additional eight TriStars on which they had an option. After this second contract was concluded, Okubo again demanded $400,000 from us, calculated on the basis of $50,000 per plane for eight planes, to be delivered to Mr. Wakasa, the president of ANA, as a secret payment.

When Okubo called me by international telephone from Tokyo and demanded this amount, I responded rather harshly, saying, "Wasn't it a one-time expenditure at that time only?"

"No," Okubo said emphatically. "I'm sure I told you these payments were necessary for all of the planes—all of the twenty-one planes."

I had no intention of paying this kind of money until the actual order was made and the initial down payment for the next eight planes was made to Lockheed, and I told this to Okubo. Here again, I could have declined. However, if I had declined and they had said, "Well, then, we won't be able to order the last seven planes," or, "Well, we will not order any more planes from Lockheed," what would we do?

The most I could say to this additional demand for money was: "When the initial down payment is received, we will pay what we have to."

The down payment started coming in, and by August of the next year, 1974, down payment for the first four of the eight planes had been received by Lockheed. I thought that if I paid the $400,000 requested by Okubo at that stage I would expedite the down payment for the remaining four planes. So it was around this time that I finally approved the payment of $400,000 to ANA and instructed our representative to arrange such a delivery per instructions from Okubo. I don't know how this money was paid, where, and in what manner—or what kind of receipts were used.

As for the purpose of the $700,000 (calculated on the basis of $50,000 per plane for the 14 planes), Okubo never explained it to me, nor did I ask any questions about it. It could be inferred, however, from the way that Okubo spoke that the money was to be used at the discretion of the top management of ANA, although none of the ANA people ever talked about this in our meetings.

Such were some of the payments for the sale of the TriStar in Japan, viewed from my perspective. Above all, there are three things I would like to stress about the whole sequence I have described.

The *first* is that the Lockheed payments in Japan, totaling about $12 million, were worthwhile from Lockheed's standpoint, since they amounted to less than 3 percent of the expected sum of about $430 million that we would receive from ANA for 21 TriStars. Further, as I've noted, such disbursements *did not violate American laws*. I should also like to stress that my decision to make such payments stemmed from my judgment that the TriStar payments to ANA would provide Lockheed workers with jobs and thus redound to the benefit of their dependents, their communities, and stockholders of the corporation.

Secondly, I should like to emphasize that the payments to the so-called "high Japanese government officials" were all requested by Okubo and were *not brought up from my side*. When he told me "five hundred million yen is necessary for such sales," from a purely ethical and moral standpoint I would have declined such a request. However, in that case, I would *most certainly* have sacrificed commercial success.

Finally, I want to make it clear that I never discussed money matters with Japanese politicians, government officials, or airline officials.

IT WOULD be simple if selling were merely a matter of presenting a product on its merits. Lockheed conducted its business in Japan much as other aircraft companies, its competitors, had done over the years. All have found it helpful to have nationals advise them, in Japan as in many other countries. Much has been made in press accounts in both Japan and the United States of secret agents and secret channels for sales efforts. Of course these consultations with advisers were secret: competitors do not tell each other their strategy or even their sales targets.

And if Lockheed had not remained competitive by the rules of the game as then played, we would not have sold the TriStar and would not have provided work for tens of thousands of our employees or contributed to the future of the corporation. Nor would ANA have had the services of this excellent airplane.

From my experience in international sales, I knew that if we wanted our product to have a chance to win on its own merits, we had to follow the functioning system. If we wanted our product to have a chance, we understood that we would have to pay, or pledge to pay, substantial sums of money in addition to the contractual sales commissions. We never *sought* to make these extra payments. We would have preferred not to have the additional expenses for the sale. But, always, they were recommended by those whose experience and judgment we trusted and whose recommendations we therefore followed.

Every investigation campaign requires an "example," a "scapegoat," and Lockheed is that today in the current international climate of reform. The requirement to assess responsibility in Japan has brought the embarrassment of public accusation to some persons associated with the company. To others it has brought the humiliation of arrest and imprisonment. We, too, have suffered. We are anguished that some of our friends and their families have had to bear this agony. We hope it will not have been without benefit. ◉

A. Carl Kotchian was president of Lockheed from 1967 to 1975 and vice-chairman until his retirement last year. This article is adapted from his memoir, Lockheed Sales Mission: Seventy Days in Tokyo, *published in Japan.*

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STRAIGHT TALK FROM THE PEOPLE OF TEXACO

Maurice F. Granville.
Chairman, Texaco Inc.

800 million gallons of gasoline could be wasted each year because of little things like this.

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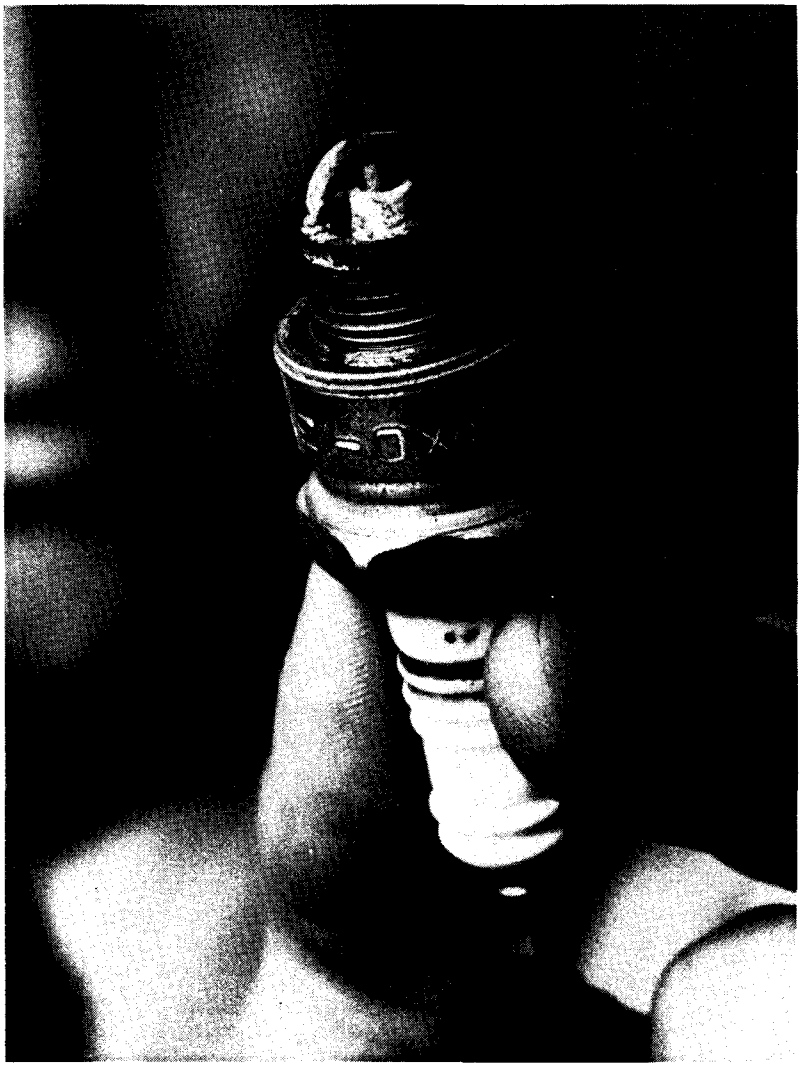
So see your Independent Texaco Retailer for quality products you can trust. And keep your car in tune. After all, keeping your car running right can save you gasoline and reduce emissions, too. That's good for you. And good for the U.S.

For more information on energy conservation, write:
Maurice F. Granville, Texaco Inc.,
Post Office Box 3146, Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10017.



A worn spark plug after about 20,000 miles of use.

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Pots of Wine

In bribe-happy France, "les pots-de-vin" may land you a lucrative contract, but never a hangover

by Rudolph Chelminski

Paris

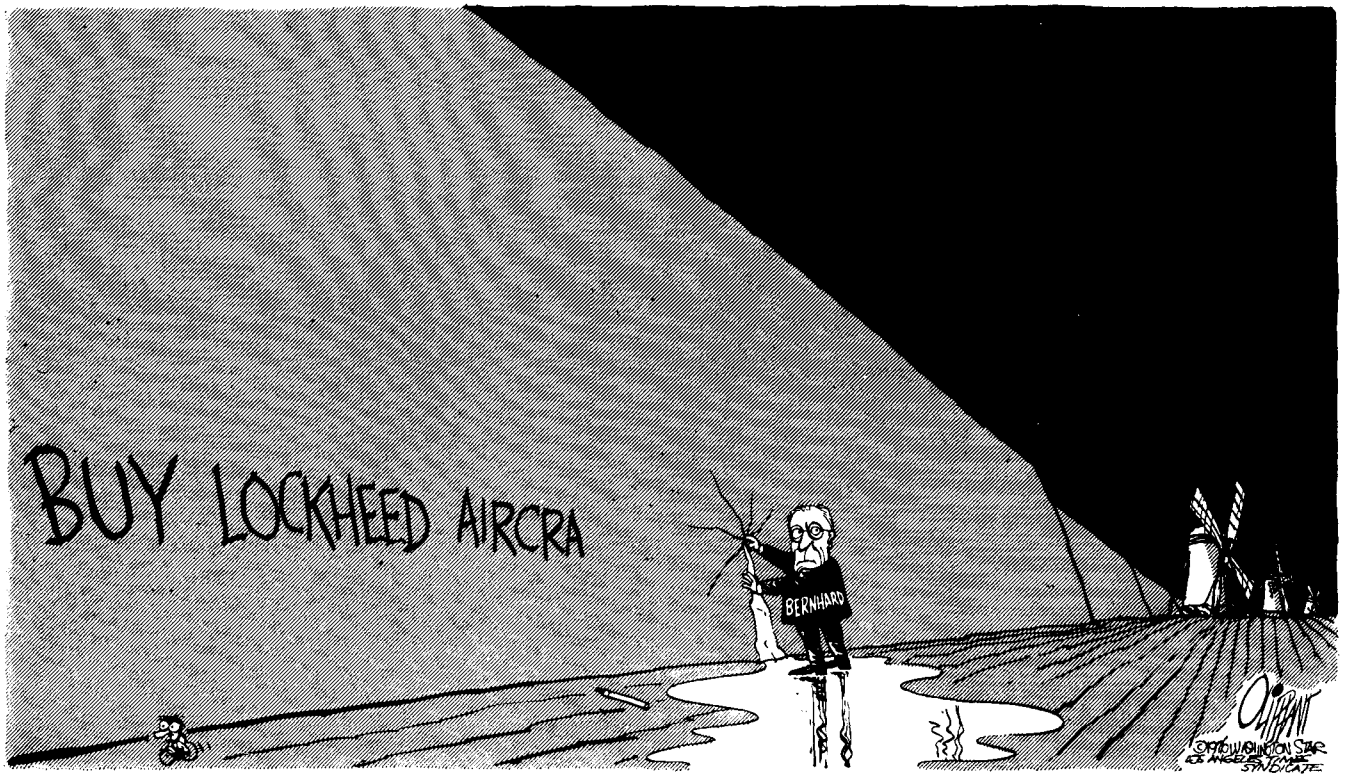
"When it's a matter of selling arms, moral principles don't exist—in France or anywhere else."

This cynical aphorism, uttered with a barely perceptible Gallic shrug, might well be taken as the precise motto and self-justification on which the very profitable French arms export industry—and other French industry as well—has been based since the end of the war, and especially during the 19 years since Charles de Gaulle founded the Fifth Republic. What is more meaningful, though, is that I have lifted it verbatim from *Le Nouvel Observateur*, a semi-intellectual weekly entirely identified with the increasingly successful oppositionists of the Programme Commun alliance of Communists and Socialists. These latter-day Roundheads are perpetually promising, hands on hearts, to sweep away several categories of villainy if and when they come to power (rather sooner than later, it now appears) and, most notably, to clean up the slough of ugly capitalist—*pouah!*—abuse, which has led the country into the ways of sin and ruin. But with all the moralizing and all the promising, not even the right-thinking utopian Left of the *Nouvel Obs* crowd believes for a minute that the arms trade can be anything but filth, wile, and shame, with heavy doses of bribes and payoffs thrown in to beat back the competition.

This points up an essential difference between the Old World and the New, one that Americans would do well to consider. President Carter is certainly not alone in thinking that some sort of virtue could be imposed on the cannon peddlers, and it is even likely that most Americans are sincerely convinced that we sell our Eagles and Tomcats and other such zoological death dealers for reasons more elevated than that of making a buck. In France—I would be tempted to say in all of Europe, but I am not sure of Liechtenstein and Andorra—no one shares this comforting conviction.

There are few illusions about arms and morality in Europe. The fashionable Left would love to look upon the Soviets as the good guys in all this, but they're constantly bungling with stunts like arming Idi Amin Dada and the student-slaughtering junta in Ethiopia. National self-interest, indeed. Is it any wonder, then, that most Europeans simply cannot fathom the depth of American anguish about Watergate or Lockheed? To them, it appears either as misplaced, immodest naïveté or downright hypocrisy: tie a can to Nixon's tail and send him out to atone for the rest of us; badger Lockheed because they committed the sin of getting caught.

In France, the phrase for bribery is *les pots-de-vin*, or the pots of wine—a nicely fitting analogy for a country as nutritionally oriented as this one. The pots of wine are a reflection of a whole manner of living in Europe, and most especially in Latin Europe. Much, much more so than in the States, Europe runs on a complex, ancient, and honorable system of tips, favors, exceptions to rules, chummy in-groups, string-pulling, and canny dissimulation of anything having to do with money. We all know the example of the creative forces unleashed every year at income tax time in



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Latin Europe, but the climate is vaster than that. Tips are so prevalent in France that there are still establishments where the waiters *pay* the boss for the privilege of working, so that they can live off the tips. Everyone, it seems to the foreigner, expects a tip: the guy in the bar who sells you a beer, the telephone lady, the mailman, the gas station attendant, the plumber, the whore (*"tu n'oublies pas mon petit cadeau, cheri"*), even the firemen who come around once a year "selling" postcards. A phone usually takes a year or more to be installed, but if you know the *député* or the *sénateur*, you'll have it tomorrow. The *pots-de-vin* analogy is still literal in restaurants, where owners feel obliged to crack open a good bottle of champagne, or pop for the whole meal, if a journalist shows up.

None of this is criminal or even reprehensible in the context of the incredibly complex and intertwined social forces that have developed over the ten or so centuries of European civilization. It is just so, and it works. What it does mean, though, is that Europeans are far more accustomed to the hand under the table than Americans are. To put it crassly, bribes are much more in the European way of life. Perhaps this explains why Americans tend to handle them so oafishly. It may sound comical, but you need *finesse* to bribe someone well. Lockheed's got no finesse, and God knows Nixon and his crew didn't.

Both the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development and the International Chamber of Commerce have come up with splendidly moral codes of conduct in the aftermath of Watergate, proposing ways of righteousness for multinational corporations: no money to political parties, disclosure of information, maintenance of the spirit of free competition, respect for local tax laws, no illicit transfers of funds, legal action against anyone who offers or demands a bribe. You know. All that.

Without going into the multiple permutations of extortion (amply covered elsewhere in this issue), it is enough to say that no code of conduct will ever regulate the death trade, any more than it will a dogfight. It may soothe President Carter's conscience to know that Arab client nations have found American companies generally more reluctant to bribe than French or English ones, but that misses the point. The point is that you can't do business any other way.

How perfectly the French, with their major arms export industry, realize this was illustrated a few months back by an illuminating article in *Le Monde*. Not only does the government know of and tacitly approve of "commissions" in arms deals, *Le Monde* wrote, but it very officially covers them by including these giant *pots-de-vin* in the state insurance (Compagnie Française d'Assurance pour le Commerce Extérieur) issued as a guarantee by the Ministry of Economy and Finance. The ministry knows, at least orally, who is getting the bribe and how much it is—even if the contract specifically forbids commissions (paper moralizing is always good for form and worth a few laughs for insiders)—and then hastens its flight out of France. Switzerland is usually the destination, natch, because the doughty little bankers there offer the magic of numbered accounts. The ministry requisitions the money from the Banque de France and transfers it through customs. Customs verifies that the beneficiary is not a French resident, then puts its stamp on the deal—mission accomplished.

The name most often associated with this symbiotic relationship is Marcel Dassault, the eighty-four-year-old (and still very feisty) constructor of the Mirage fighter planes. Dassault is immensely rich and has done wonders for French foreign trade earnings over the years. Although no scandals of Lockheed proportions have yet broken over his venerable head, he is, after all, in the same business and subject to the same dynamics. A Dutch member of parliament did affirm that a Dassault representative offered him a bribe in return for backing the Mirage against the F-16 last year, and a renegade Dassault accountant by the name of De Vathaire did allege that the old man was a king-size tax cheater, but there are few Woodward-Bernsteins in the French press, and even fewer Senator Churches in the Chambre des Députés.

Like most European countries, postwar France has demonstrated a general tendency to channel the wrath of justice more toward the little people than toward the rich and the powerful. (It is, after all, rare for any country to kick its president out, publicly apologize for its recent foreign policy, or make its top-level capitalists eat crow.) The kinds of reforms that one is more likely to encounter here are like the one that is said to have recently occurred within the administration of the French "revenooers," the Répression des Fraudes: field inspectors have been strictly forbidden to accept *pots-de-vin* in the form of bottles of marc or calvados from the hands of the avocational distillers known as *bouilleurs de cru*. That they had done so in the past may strike Americans as curious, but that is France, and that is Europe. And are we, in fact, all that much purer?

"Bribes are much more in the European way of life. Perhaps this explains why Americans tend to handle them so oafishly. It may sound comical, but you need finesse to bribe someone well."

"The Americans do things the same way as the Europeans," a U.S. arms industry insider told me, "but they just don't want to recognize it. What about the lobbyists? What about the reporters and editors who get turkeys and cases of booze every Christmas? What about those unimpeachable senators who vote federal jobs or Amtrak lines into their districts? What about the ward bosses? It's all the same."

My interlocutor leaned back in his chair and smiled at the memory of a meeting he once had with one of the most influential journalists in France, an editorialist whose personal convictions leaned more toward American-style economic liberalism than to the planned Marxist state. The journalist had just returned from a long and comfortable State Department tour of America. State had called it an informational tour, but the world-weary Frenchman had perceived it as a "soft" *pot-de-vin*.

"The fools," he cracked. "Now I'm going to have to write twice as much anti-American stuff, to prove I haven't been bought."

And he did, too. As any arms merchant could have told the organizers of the tour, there are many slips between the *pot* and the lip. ◉

Rudolph Chelminski is a free-lance writer living in Paris.

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The Shadowy Underside of International Trade

by Thomas N. Gladwin and Ingo Walter

I: Who Pays What to Whom and Why

For the giant American corporation, there have been no more painful and explosive episodes in the past decade than the revelations of payoffs abroad by major firms. Over 400 companies have now admitted that they made a total of more than $700 million in payoffs, mostly during the past six years, to foreign heads of state, cabinet ministers, legislators, judges, mayors, generals, and such lesser functionaries as tax assessors, immigration officials, and appointment secretaries. Payoffs are as old as civilization itself—Aristophanes (450–385 B.C.) criticized Pericles in his comedy *The Clouds* for financial statements showing fuzzy disbursements identified only as being "expended for necessary purposes" —but today's massive revelations have rocked the world.

They have triggered large-scale investigations in Canada, Venezuela, Spain, West Germany, and dozens of other countries. They have led to the arrest and trial of Japan's former prime minister Kakuei Tanaka, the disgrace of Prince Bernhard in the Netherlands, and the bloodless overthrow of the chief of state in Honduras. They apparently impelled Eli M. Black, chairman of United Brands, to hurl himself from his forty-fourth-floor office in New York's Pan Am Building one winter morning in 1975. They have forced the resignations or demotions of over a hundred executives —including senior managers at firms such as Gulf Oil, Lockheed Aircraft, Continental Oil, and Japan's Marubeni Trading Company. The revelations have caused damage to U.S. diplomatic relations, dismissals of numerous foreign defense ministers, cancellations of existing sales contracts, expropriations of American-owned property abroad, and changes in the military procurement decisions of allies. Not least important, they have severely eroded public confidence in the ethics and responsibility of corporate management.

What, then, should be done about payments that companies have variously described as "illicit," "improper," "irregular," and "unusual," but which we shall label "QPs," that is, "questionable payments"? Should we try to reform the world by trying to impose our law on other nations? What kinds of payments are we going to consider acceptable and what kinds are we going to consider unacceptable? How much disclosure should our corporations be forced to make? To what extent can we leave it to corporations to police themselves? Perhaps the first reaction to these questions is to agree with Walter Guzzardi, Jr., who wrote last year in *Fortune* that "taken as a whole, the revelations [of QPs] are baffling in their complexity, frustrating in their diversity, heavy with prolixity, and stubbornly resistant to conclusions."

The best starting point in tackling the QP problem is to determine how QPs come about. Business International Corporation, a private research outfit, recently concluded that "the most important element by far in setting payment patterns is the attitude of the host country." Most multinational corporations (MNCs) concur, and in their recent disclosures to the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) they have usually included a phrase like "payments were made in accordance with local custom and tradition."

Standards of business conduct differ enormously in time and place. American executives complain that the Middle East is the world's most vexing QP environment, with payoffs rampant in countries like Kuwait and Saudi Arabia. These same executives point to South Korea and Italy as examples of countries where heavy-handed and corrupt political practices are endemic. Lord Shawcross, chairman of a commission that is studying corruption for the International Chamber of Commerce in Paris, claims that there are today only 12 countries where corruption is "quite exceptional and is regarded with grave legal and social disapproval." Since these "clean" countries are mainly in North America, Scandinavia, and northern Europe, corruption as a basic way of life seems prevalent among the vast majority of the nations of the world.

With the notable exception of some very fat payoffs to prosperous Japanese and Europeans, QPs have been most pervasive in the poor countries, as an inevitable product of economic backwardness. Political scientist James C. Scott

"It has come to my attention that one of you reported a twinge of conscience."

views corruption "as a sort of halfway house between violence and constitutionality, a means by which some of the new demands produced by rapid social change are accommodated within a political system whose formal institutions are inadequate to the task."

Imperial Chemical Industries (ICI), second only to British Petroleum among Britain's largest firms, recently admitted to $2.4 million in QPs abroad over a four-and-a-half-year period. It disclosed that virtually no QPs at all were made in North America, Europe, or Japan. With characteristic British understatement, ICI said that the QPs took place in "other areas of the world, in parts of which it is believed practices tend to be different" from those in the industrial-

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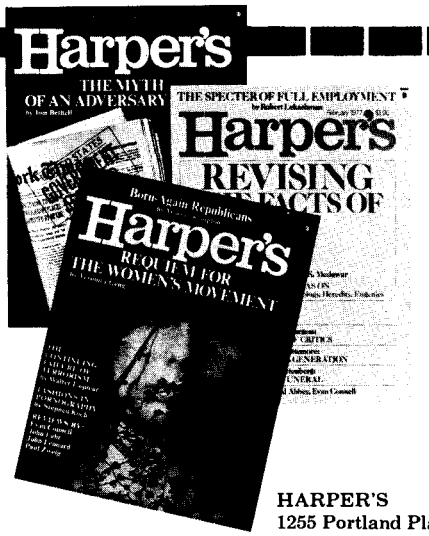

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ized countries. Undoubtedly, the great bulk of that $2.4 million flowed to wretchedly underpaid low-level bureaucrats accustomed to and dependent on gratuities.

Of course, large-size QPs also occur at top government levels in developing countries. In some, legislators have to kick back up to half their paltry salaries to the political party that put them in office. To reimburse themselves, they put the arm on local firms and MNCs alike. And where politics are unstable, high government officials are strongly tempted to create offshore "retirement" funds toward that moment when a hasty departure is called for. As often as not, the motto of newly installed government officials is "My turn!" and so they get while the getting is good. The Swahili term for QP recipients, *wabenzi* (people who drive Mercedes-Benzes), says it all.

Ambiguous Rules of the Game. In developed and developing countries alike, an important stimulus for QPs is ambiguity in legal and regulatory systems. Virtually all nations have laws against corruption, bribery, and extortion. But in dozens of countries these laws are obscure, untested, and unenforced.

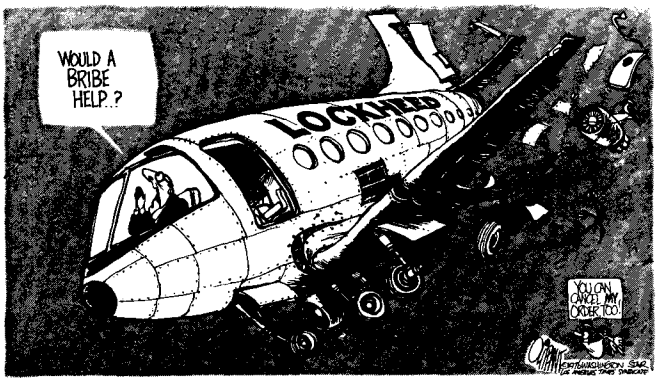
In his book *The Italians*, Luigi Barzini describes his country's regulatory structure as a "tropical tangle of statutes, rules, norms, regulations, customs. . . ." Barzini quotes a local economist as calculating that "if every tax on the statute books was fully collected, the state would absorb 110 percent of the national income." *Bustarella* (Italian for stuffed envelope) is often the only way for a foreign firm to cope with this statutory and bureaucratic nightmare.

Statist Regimes. Prospects for payoffs appear to be brightest in political regimes that concentrate extensive economic, political, and social controls in the hands of the state. This includes tribal, militaristic, totalitarian, autocratic, and oligarchic states. Partial support for this view comes from the fact that an estimated 90 percent of all QPs have been made in nations not included in the list of the 23 (developed and developing) nations ranked "most free" in political rights by the influential 1977 Freedom House Comparative Survey. In statist regimes, after all, those at the seat of power see themselves as dispensers of privileges and exceptions, and civil servants are vested with discretionary authority to grant or withhold permits for almost every kind of commercial activity. In short, the ordinary workings of consensual political processes or free markets cannot be relied upon to safeguard legitimate business interests, and MNCs are moved to dispense "goodwill" or yield to extortion to protect themselves.

Cultural Complexity. In some cultures human behavior is covert; in others it is quite open. In his recent book *Beyond Culture*, anthropologist Edward T. Hall finds that in the Orient, around the Mediterranean, and in the Middle East much information is implicitly, rather than explicitly, stated; personal bonds are strong; great distinctions are made between insiders and outsiders; and ingrained cultural patterns are slow to change. For the American or northern European business executive psychologically attuned to his home environment, these are formidable barriers to understanding and communication and, Hall warns, it can be "sheer folly to get seriously involved with [these] cultures."

One way to get around the problem is to use "cultural bridges," such as friendly local agents, consultants, or government officials, who can make things happen. Not all the services of cultural bridges involve influence peddling, however. Local agents and consultants understand the social, economic, political, and psychological patterns of their countries and regions. The need for such intermediary services in places like the Middle East is compelling. While the remuneration involved may appear questionable to American observers, it is at least in part legitimate payment for legitimate services.

Home-Country Push. While conditions in host countries may be the most important single determinant of overseas corporate payoffs, conditions in the home countries of the firms



involved are by no means unimportant. We know that QPs are far from a uniquely American phenomenon. Such Canadian corporations as Atomic Energy of Canada and Polysar made respective payments to promote the sales of nuclear reactors in South Korea and Argentina and chemical products in Europe. British Petroleum and the Royal Dutch/Shell group of companies revealed last year that each had made contributions to various Italian political parties from 1969 through 1973. Over the years, allegations of payoffs by Dassault, the French aircraft maker, have been variously aired. Back in 1968, the French armaments supplier Thompson-CSF was implicated in the bribery of the commander in chief of the Lebanese armed forces to promote the sale of ground-to-air missiles. Executives of large Japanese trading companies like Mitsubishi, Mitsui, and C. Itoh have been periodically accused of trying to bribe government officials, especially in the Southeast Asian countries. And in interviews on QPs with German executives, Business International researchers found that "companies dislike the practice, disapprove of it, but adjust to local requirements." Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, the American penchant for openness has assured that virtually all QP revelations so far have involved U.S. companies.

Coincidence of Interests. There often seems to be a symbiotic relationship between many of the QPs undertaken by MNCs and the foreign economic policies of their home governments. In the U.S., federal agencies have long been aware of QPs. In the arms and aerospace industries, QPs have generally been considered good for the balance of payments, jobs, national prestige, and political influence. Payoffs by extractive firms help assure access to foreign supplies of basic raw materials and fuels. In the view of military procurement experts, the Defense Department has a particularly poor track record in controlling QP costs of its major contractors. According to Senators Frank Church and

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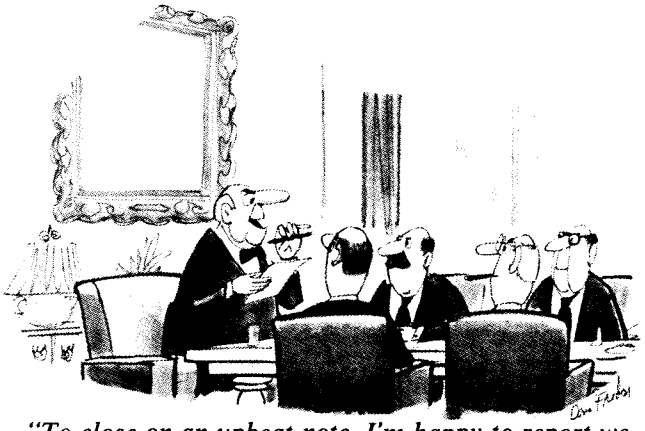
Clifford Case, the Pentagon must bear "some responsibility" for the bribery that has surfaced.

U.S. government agencies, particularly via CIA operations, have also used clandestine payments. Our political adversaries do likewise. According to President Carter and Secretary of State Vance, such payments are "proper, legal, and appropriate." In performing its assigned role, the CIA has been acquainted with and perhaps directly involved in some multinational corporate QPs. *The New York Times* has reported that the agency knew of payoffs made in Japan by Lockheed. Harvard's Asian expert Jerome A. Cohen has suggested that the U.S. government did not want to see the names of Lockheed's Japanese QP recipients exposed because the firm may have been "operating in intimate contact" with certain U.S. government agencies.

The Facilitators. Making overseas payoffs has not been very difficult. Home-country government agencies have often adopted a "shut-eye sentry" attitude toward QPs. For instance, the U.S. Export-Import Bank once proceeded to make more than $50 million in guaranteed loans for a Hughes Aircraft project in Indonesia despite knowledge of alleged payoffs. Then there are the "outside" directors on corporate boards who often allow themselves to be hoodwinked by management or adopt a "hear no evil, see no evil" attitude. And there is the coziness between the big accounting firms and the companies they audit, with auditors failing to report unusual items and even transmitting QPs on behalf of clients.

Perhaps even more important are the "Gnomes of Zurich" —Swiss numbered bank accounts figure prominently as havens for slush funds, money laundries, and repositories for QP recipients. Finally, we should add countries that fly flags of corporate convenience as tax havens. Gulf Oil, for example, laundered slush funds through a dummy subsidiary in the Bahamas. Avis set up a short-lived "shell" company in the Channel Islands off the coast of France in order to transmit a sizable QP to an Italian tax adviser.



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"To close on an upbeat note, I'm happy to report we received twenty-two percent more in kickbacks than we paid out in bribes."

Payoff-Prone Industries. While shortage of data makes generalizations about the types of home countries most likely to originate QPs necessarily tentative, conclusions about the kinds of industries and firms that engage in QPs are much more clear-cut. The Council on Economic Priorities has found large-scale bribery to be particularly common among pharmaceuticals, health care, oil and gas, aerospace, chemicals, rubber, and food products firms. Recent surveys have added construction, communications, and shipping to the list. But in dollar volume it appears that roughly half of American payoff disclosures have involved just two industries—aerospace and petroleum.

Especially in trying to explain large-scale QPs, the market structure within which the MNC operates seems to be critical. Both aerospace and petroleum companies are in industries with a relatively small number of firms competing tooth and nail for market shares.

These circumstances sometimes lead to collusion, and MNCs have occasionally coordinated their QP behavior. For instance, the storied "seven sisters" of the oil industry, or at least those operating in Italy—Exxon, Gulf, British Petroleum, Shell, and Mobil—appear to have acted in concert, via their trade association, in contributing to local political parties. In Jamaica, Alcoa, Reynolds, and Kaiser, all in the aluminum industry, have apparently made coordinated contributions to political groups. In Mexico, six tire companies, including a Uniroyal subsidiary, made a $420,000 joint payoff in 1974 to get a price increase approved. The payment was arranged by a trade association of the rubber industry and was apportioned among the companies according to market share.

Industries that are closely regulated by foreign government agencies tend to be unusually subject to QP pressures. For example, so far virtually every major American firm in pharmaceuticals and health care products—including such household names as American Cyanamid, Bristol-Myers, Johnson & Johnson, Pfizer, Revlon, and Upjohn—has disclosed overseas payoffs. Oil companies are particularly vulnerable to governmental policies. Other big QP spenders in regulated industries can be found among tobacco firms—R. J. Reynolds, Philip Morris, Liggett & Myers, P. Lorillard, and others—with the production and marketing of cigarettes under tight government control in many countries.

Payoff-Prone Firms. What seems to make as much difference as the kind of industry is the nature of the firm itself. Roderick Hills, former chairman of the SEC, pointed out last year that "we find in every industry where bribes have been revealed that companies of equal size are proclaiming that they see no need to engage in such practices." Why are some firms clearly more resistant to QPs than others, even within the same industry?

One obvious yet critically important fact is that multinational firms, as compared to local firms, seem inherently more susceptible to QPs. Individual bribes are usually infinitesimal in relation to the firm's overall revenues, costs, and financial resources. Multinationals have unusual opportunities to engage in "off the books" and slush-fund financing. Also, MNCs are viewed as having a greater ability to pay than local firms and—often most important—access to hard currencies that can be made available outside the country. Major General Ibnu Sutowo (now under arrest), former president of the Indonesian oil company, Pertamina, utilized this particular form of logic to shake down American, European, and Japanese MNCs for $1.1 million to set up his Ramayana restaurant in midtown Manhattan.

Size of Transactions. For MNCs that depend heavily on one-shot, big-ticket deals, the pressure for payoffs can be painfully intense. A large proportion of MNC revenues each

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year depends on the procurement of just a few big contracts. Further, when individual transactions are huge, payoffs can easily be disguised in the price. The QPs usually represent only a tiny fraction of the overall deal. Whether it's General Telephone and Electronics bidding for a $500 million telephone equipment order from Iran, Cargill conducting massive grain sales to foreign countries, or Boeing, Northrop, Grumman, and Lockheed fighting it out for multibillion-dollar aircraft contracts in the Middle East, the size principle is at work. Especially if the company is already on the rocks financially and one large contract can spell the difference between survival and disaster, management may be driven to unusual lengths. And the pressure gets even stronger in recessions: when business is bad and there is excess production capacity, firms will scramble desperately for sales to try to keep output levels up.

Competitive Strength. Eric Hoffer once said that "power corrupts the few, while weakness corrupts the many." And so it is with QPs. Multinational corporations having clearly superior technology, strong market position, and particularly strong product superiority will usually not find it as necessary to engage in QP behavior as will their less fortunate competitors. For example, IBM has the luxury of being able to say "no" to extortionate demands of government officials. Yet in the same sector Burroughs, Control Data, Honeywell, Memorex, NCR, SCM, Sperry Rand, and Xerox, according to recent QP disclosures, have not been nearly so fortunate.

Inadequate Internal Control. A critical factor explaining the tendency of individual firms to engage in QPs seems to be the degree of control exercised by corporate headquarters

Baksheesh, Cumshaw, and All That Grease

by Thomas H. Middleton

Leavenworth Jackson

BRIBERY. The Bible comes out four-square against it: ". . . fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery." But so many people are attracted to it: Delilah gets 1,100 pieces of silver. Judas settles for a mere 30.

Shakespeare uses bribery as the cause of the rift between Brutus and Cassius. Brutus accuses Cassius of being on the take:

"Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers."

Later, he says:

". . . shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman."

Bribes: *sweetening, sugar, payola, payoff, kickback, grease, palm oil, sop, soap, boodle*, and, more recently, *unauthorized payments.*

But my favorite word for bribes is the German *Schmiergeld. Schmiergeld* rolls around in the mouth with the taste of true corruption. *Schmiergeld* has overtones of silks and satins, furs, diamonds, Mercedes-Benzes, and curvaceous courtesans.

A bribe in Italy can be called, in addition to the commonplace words for "gift," *un allettamento* (an attraction) or *esca* (bait).

Thanks to the recent publicity about Americans in Mexican jails, we've been introduced to the Mexican word *mordida.* My understanding of *mordida* is that it means "graft" and "pull," in the sense of illegitimate influence. Literally, of course, it's a "bite." My favorite Spanish term for a bribe is *unto amarillo*—gold-colored grease.

The French term for bribe is *pot-de-vin.* These words for bribery are not what the average tourist picks up in his book of handy phrases, though perhaps they should be. I had a friend living in Paris years ago who wanted to produce, direct, and star in a play. He had picked out a theater not far from Pigalle. Because he was American, there were the foreseeable difficulties with permits. A lawyer friend of his, referring to the official responsible for issuing the permits, told him that in his opinion, "*Il lui faut un pot-de-vin.*" My friend, never having heard the expression *pot-de-vin*, assumed that he would have to get the official drunk before he'd issue the permits. I wish I could report that the result of this conversation was a wild and wacky farce suitable for adapting as a vehicle for Tony Curtis, but unfortunately the lawyer soon made it clear that it was simply a question of greasing a palm with a few thousand francs. My friend greased the proper palm, got his theater, and produced, directed, and starred in the play. It was *un vrai four*, which is to say a real bomb,

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over the behavior of foreign affiliates. Tight managerial control and oversight are easiest when affiliates abroad are wholly owned subsidiaries—again, IBM is probably the best example. When foreign affiliates are a potpourri of distributors, dealers, suppliers, subcontractors, licensees, agents, consultants, and joint ventures, headquarters control becomes difficult or impossible.

Paul Oreffice, president of Dow Chemical's domestic operations, said in August 1975 that he was "one-hundred-percent sure no one in Dow has made one payment. . . . I would fire anyone who did." Dow steadfastly maintained a posture of noninvolvement for many months until, lo and behold, in March 1977 the company disclosed that it had made QPs totaling more than $3 million during the period from January 1, 1970, to June 30, 1976. Why the embarrassing contradiction? Dow's degree of control seems to have been a bit flabby. Whereas total QPs made by the parent itself and its *wholly owned* subsidiaries amounted to barely $200,000 over the period, the remaining $2.9 million in payments was made by *partially owned* foreign affiliates—a 10.7 percent QP-to-sales ratio for the partially owned subsidiaries versus 0.009 percent for the firm as a whole. The Exxon Corporation's Italian subsidiary, Esso Italiana, funneled a grand total of $46 million to local political parties from 1963 to 1972, payments for which the company places much of the blame on the failure of its audit and control procedures.

So in general, QPs may be reduced if foreign affiliates are both wholly owned and their top management is staffed largely by citizens of the parent firm's home country. Paradoxically, MNCs are currently under heavy pressure to *increase* the proportion of local ownership through joint ven-

---

and closed in about a month. In New York, the equivalent would be closing after about half a performance.

Baksheesh is probably the most familiar foreign term for bribe. It comes from the Near East and has found its way into English. I think one of the reasons for its widespread use is its sound, which is definitely smarmy, conjuring up—in my mind, at least—a thoroughly greasy palm protruding from the exotically stained sleeve of a caftan in some secret corner of the Casbah.

Vzyatka is the Russian word for bribe. Bribery in Russia was probably not much of a problem in the early decades after the October revolution. For one thing, the punishment for it involved the firing squad, and for another, the incentives to socialist zeal were at the time almost certainly greater than the incentives to the corrupt feathering of one's nest. A society has to have attained a degree of prosperity and to have developed some traditions before any really significant corruption can find nourishment.

Now that the Soviet Union is a going concern, I suppose Russian shenanigans are about on a level with our own (discounting the Nixon administration, which would certainly put us well in the lead).

China probably has very little corruption. By China, I mean the People's Republic, not the Taiwan-based republic. Even if the People's Republic has the necessary affluence, it still seems to be caught up in the excitement of building its utopia. Tom Brokaw told us on a recent *Today* show that the number one tune on the pop charts of mainland China was "Oh, How I Love to Carry Buckets of Manure Up the Mountainside for the Commune," and I take Tom Brokaw at his word. No people who are moved by that kind of song could even dream of *Schmiergeld*. Or in this case, *cumshaw*.

Cumshaw is actually the pidgin English term for a tip. It's derived from *kan shieh*—Mandarin for "grateful thanks." Grateful thanks are still widely given in Nationalist China, which apparently continues to thrive on the traditional Chinese system of corruption from top to bottom. In traditional Chinese society it seems that just about everyone is in on the cumshaw—and it can be very lucrative for the top takers and very painful for the bottom givers. In 1965, in Tamsui, Taiwan, I saw a man who had been badly beaten by thugs for refusing to donate a certain amount of his small pay to the hiring boss who had given him his job. I was told that the man deserved the beating because the hiring boss, after all, had to give cumshaw to his own boss, who had to give cumshaw to *his* boss, and so on to the top. Cumshaw is the *unto amarillo* that keeps the gears from jamming.

I have a remarkable book called *From Far Formosa*, published in 1896. It's by a Scottish missionary named George L. MacKay. His account of the corruption that characterized Chinese society on Formosa in the late nineteenth century is fascinating:

> From the highest to the lowest, every Chinese official in Formosa has an "itching palm," and the exercise of official functions is always corrupted by money bribes. The mandarin supplements his income by "squeezing" his attendants and every man who comes within his grasp. His attendants have the privilege of recouping themselves by "squeezing" all who through them seek favors from the mandarin. In the matter of bribing and boodling, the Chinese official in Formosa could give points to the most accomplished office-seekers and money-grabbers in Washington or Ottawa.
>
> The chief opportunity for corruption is afforded in connection with the administration of justice. The yamen or courthouse is the scene of unmitigated lying, scheming, and oppression. . . .
>
> Money wields all-powerful influence. It corrupts the mandarin in his judgment, the lictors and executioners in carrying out the sentence, and the local officials in disposing of the bodies of the dead. . . . The executioner carries out the death sentence deftly in a short, swift stroke or with prolonged torture according to the money paid.
>
> I witnessed the execution of four soldiers condemned for burglary. One was on his knees, and in an instant the work was done. Three blows were required for the second. The head of the third was slowly sawed off with a long knife. The fourth was taken a quarter of a mile farther, and amid shouts and screams and many protestations of innocence he was subjected to torture and finally beheaded. The difference in the bribe made the difference in the execution.

I think this episode illustrates in ghastly epitome what is wrong with bribery in general.

We've heard otherwise respectable people say that, our own puritanism notwithstanding, there are societies that work well and smoothly thanks largely to graft, payola, esca, mordida, baksheesh, cumshaw, and so on. But there are lots of people at the bottom of the squeeze—people who for financial or ethical reasons can't put their share of golden grease into the works—and for them the squeeze can mean death, slow and painful, or, to bring it closer to home, twisting slowly, slowly in the wind. ◉

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tures and to make *more* top management positions available to host-country nationals.

II: What, If Anything, Can Be Done?

What should be done with this knowledge about QP behavior? The simplest approach, of course, is to do nothing. The logic here is that QPs are such an entrenched part of international business that it is naïve to expect any real improvement. We might also argue that the emotional storm of publicity and commotion has already helped to curb the most blatant abuses. And, as the London *Economist* says, "the West has no overwhelming reason, of duty or self-interest, to play policeman for those who will not act as policemen for themselves."

Nevertheless, in the minds of many people, the pernicious effects of QPs seem to far outweigh their claimed necessity. And so there has been a spate of proposals to "solve" the QP problem. Seven of these proposals follow:

Host-Country Reform. An approach widely pushed by the legal profession and multinational business executives, this view calls for the comprehensive enactment and enforcement of stringent laws governing commercial and political corruption in all countries. Indeed, there are signs that this is happening. Italy in 1974 passed a law on political contributions that granted public subsidies of about $75 million per year to all political parties. Brazilian legislators have recommended drawing up a code of ethics for MNCs, "so as to establish the rules of the game." Two senior officials of the Swiss National Bank recently dropped a bombshell by recommending that anonymous accounts be abolished. Crown Prince Fahd of Saudi Arabia has affirmed his government's determination to enforce a new regulation banning commissions, kickbacks, and payoffs by foreign weapons suppliers.

This approach would of course avoid the adverse competitive consequences of unilateral action on the part of the United States. Unfortunately, we have so far seen precious little inclination by government even to adhere to bribery laws already on the books in those countries where most QPs have taken place. Given this history, new laws might reduce the problem in a few countries, but they would hardly solve it in the vast majority of developing countries, where QPs are so prevalent.

Home-Country Criminalization. Senator William Proxmire has sponsored a bill (S.305) outlawing foreign bribes by United States corporations. Calling for fines up to $500,000 for each violation, the bill makes it a crime to offer or pay money corruptly to a foreign government official, politician, or agent in order to obtain or hold business in the country or to influence its laws. It also outlaws falsification of records and deception of auditors and provides that individual violators, such as corporate executives and directors, may be fined up to $10,000 and imprisoned for up to five years. The Proxmire bill unanimously passed the Senate and is strongly supported by the Carter administration. Secretary of the Treasury Michael Blumenthal, perhaps recalling his former experience as head of the Bendix Corporation, recently testified that "paying bribes—apart from being morally repugnant and illegal in most countries—is simply not necessary for the successful conduct of business here or overseas."

But outside Washington, D.C., the criminalization approach has few friends. Many have argued persuasively that this approach, aside from involving a dubious extension of American law to sovereign foreign countries, may present extraordinarily difficult enforcement problems, seriously harm U.S. foreign policy interests, and make it harder for U.S. firms to compete effectively with less scrupulous foreign firms —especially since no other nation except Canada is following the American lead. Charles Bowen, former chairman of Booz Allen and Hamilton (a leading management consulting firm), reportedly characterized proponents of the criminalization approach as "a bunch of pip-squeak moralists running around trying to apply U.S. puritanical standards to other countries."

Home-Country Sunshine. Perhaps no other approach has won more support from government officials than full disclosure. Among the advocates of "sunshine" have been President Ford's Task Force on Questionable Corporate Payments Abroad (headed by Elliot Richardson), Senator Frank Church (in his proposed "Multinational Business Enterprise Information Act of 1976"), the Internal Revenue Service, the State Department, the Department of Defense, and, probably most conspicuously, the Securities and Exchange Commission.

Almost every other speech by SEC officials on the subject of QPs in recent years has included the famous maxim of Supreme Court Justice Louis D. Brandeis: "Publicity is justly commendable as a remedy for social and industrial disease. Sunlight is said to be the best disinfectant; electric light the most efficient policeman." The SEC is sold on the "prophylactic effects" of disclosure. In its view, business does not enjoy payoffs and will be happy to have a defense against the arm-twisters of the world. It would like to see management forced to expose QPs and then face whatever stockholder suits, public embarrassment, and governmental penalties might follow.

Home-Country Oversight. Some have proposed that the QP problem could be adequately managed within the existing framework of U.S. law if corporate boards of directors, auditors, and lawyers took a more activist approach to enforcement.

Stanley Sporkin, the aggressive chief of the SEC's enforcement division, declared recently that corporations should have autonomous "business practices officers" charged with blowing the whistle. And this past March, the

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Harmony in Great Neck: The Friendship of Ring Lardner and F. Scott Fitzgerald

Ring Lardner was the most popular and commercially successful American writer of the Twenties. His weekly newspaper column was published by some 150 papers with a total circulation of over 8 million. His short stories, among them "Haircut," "Some Like Them Cold," and "The Golden Honeymoon," reached huge audiences through the mass-circulation magazines. At the height of his popularity, in the mid-Twenties, his annual income from writing alone was the equivalent of $500,000 in 1970 dollars.

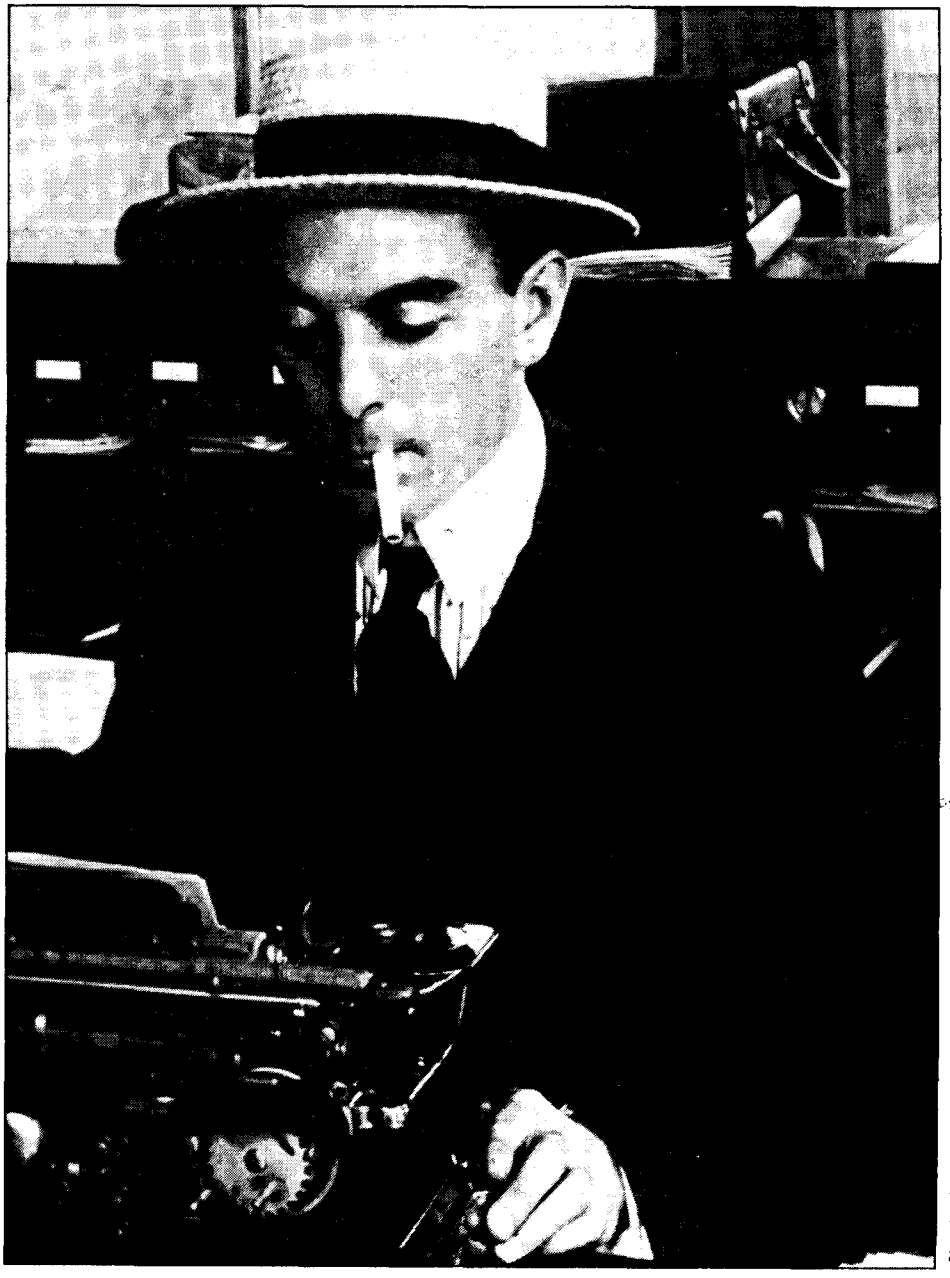
Lardner was not a literary man, and he had no literary pretensions, but he was much admired in literary circles and he had many imitators. Among those who praised his work vigorously were H. L. Mencken, Dorothy Parker, and Virginia Woolf. He had, furthermore, a close and fascinating friendship with F. Scott Fitzgerald at an important moment in the careers of both men.

by Jonathan Yardley

Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald had come east in September 1922 and were living in New York, in the style to which they had become accustomed, at The Plaza. They had it in mind to rent a place in Great Neck, on Long Island. If Scott had not taken what Zelda called "our nifty little Babbitt-home" at 6 Gateway Drive, just a bit down toward the narrow end of Manhasset Bay from "The Mange"—Ring's self-mocking name for his own house—he and Ring Lardner probably never would have been friends. It is less likely, but possible, that they would not have been the intimate friends they were had Scott not been married to Zelda, with whom Ring was entranced and to whom he was devoted, as were all the Lardners. But they did indeed become close, to the puzzlement of all who have studied them, for there were profound differences between them.

Both were Middle Westerners, but similarities of background largely ended there. Ring was more than 11 years older than Scott; the disparity in years was less important than that in experience, Ring having been molded by the Victorian and Edwardian eras, Scott by the World War and the early Jazz Age. Ring had far more acquaintance with the real world than this young man of often astonishing naïveté, who still viewed his alma mater, Princeton, with the awe of the newly graduated. Ring was a seasoned professional who was capable of harsh self-discipline; Scott had an enormous natural talent and a casual inclination to fritter it away. Beyond all that, they were simply different people in virtually every way evident, so there is more than a little plausibility in the interpretation advanced by Andrew Turnbull in his *Scott Fitzgerald*: "There is a brotherhood of the intemperate which helps to explain the bond between Lardner and Fitzgerald, different as they were on the surface: the light and the dark, the short and the tall, the expansive and the reticent, the merry and the dismal."

They were, they found, mutually intemperate in several ways: in drink most of all, but also in their delight in foolery and talk. It is a matter of record why Scott liked Ring. He found him, as he wrote in the obituary essay "Ring," to be "proud,



Ring Lardner, Jr.

Ring Lardner, the seasoned professional, on the job at the Chicago Tribune.

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shy, solemn, shrewd, polite, brave, kind, merciful, honorable—with the affection these qualities aroused, he created in addition a certain awe in people." Like the dazzling and self-dazzled literary celebrities who gathered at the Algonquin round table, Scott stood before him with deference and more than a touch of veneration.

Why Ring returned Scott's affection equally is less easily explained because he never wrote about it. His few published words about Scott are jocular. "Mr. Fitzgerald is a novelist," he wrote in the most memorable of them, "and Mrs. Fitzgerald a novelty." On another occasion: "Another prominent writer of the younger set is F. Scott Fitzgerald. Mr. Fitzgerald sprang into fame with his novel *This Side of Paradise*, which he turned out when only three years old and wrote the entire book with one hand. Mr. Fitzgerald never shaves while at work on his novels and looks very funny along towards the last five or six chapters."

Ring's own generosity must have recognized Scott's, which in its more open way was just as great. As Ring's letters to Scott and Zelda reveal, they both shared a taste for gossip of show biz and the literary world, a choice sample of which Ring sent to Scott in 1925: "Here is some more 'low down': Some of the Algonquin bunch was sort of riding Michael Arlen, I don't know why. Anyway, when Edna Ferber was introduced to him, she said: 'Why, Mr. Arlen, you look almost like a woman!' 'So do you, Miss Ferber,' was Michael's reply."

The real foundation of this friendship, however, was that Ring and Scott were both outsiders. They were drawn to Great Neck by the glamour, wealth, and position concentrated there—they each knew that being in Great Neck was a firm sign that they had arrived—but in their different ways they were contemptuous of what they saw around them. Scott's infatuation with wealth, to the extent that he actually had an infatuation, was far more with the old and established money he had encountered at Princeton than with the vulgar new money that poured into Great Neck; for Ring, his own money was to be spent for the comfort and security of his family, and he took considerable, somewhat malicious pleasure in observing the ostentatious ways his neighbors found to spend theirs. He and Scott would sit on the porch of The Mange and watch the goings-on at the neighboring mansion owned by the prominent journalist Herbert Bayard Swopes, commenting to each other as they drank Canadian ale or bootleg whiskey, recording in their minds little details that would reappear in Ring's journalism or Scott's fiction. They were writers, and for all their folly they were serious men; that was enough to separate them from the rest of Great Neck, to forge a bond between them, to give them an increasingly urgent sense not only that they did not belong there but that being there was destructive for both of them. Still, before that awareness set in, there was the sheer pleasure of their laughter at what they saw. There was Ring, for example, immortalizing the cavernous living room owned by showman Gene Buck as "the Yale Bowl—with lamps," or as he put it in his syndicated column:

> . . . friends of the Gene Bucks report that Gene made a big mistake not leasing his living rm. for the six-day bicycle race, as the new Madison Square Garden could not begin to accommodate the devotees of this soul-stirring pastime. Gene wired that he wanted to keep the rm. neat for the Olympic Games of 1932. Gene, Jr., is entered in the Marathon that yr. and is already a top heavy favorite, having circled the rm. twice in practice in 2 days, 4 hrs., 20 min., 32.5 sec. with two stops for engine trouble and milk.

Scott was flattered and encouraged by the attention and affection he was given by this tall, forbidding, imposing figure of a man—this man whose celebrity was at the time far greater than his own. Scott could see his own future in Ring: physical depletion by alcoholism, creative depletion by labors beneath his talents. It was his despair over this aching sense of loss from which Jay Gatsby was formed. Or so it is argued here.

Culver

Zelda, Scott, and Scotty Fitzgerald—friends and neighbors of the Lardners.

But of the influence of Ring upon the shaping of another notable Fitzgerald character, Abe North in *Tender Is the Night*, there has been little significant dispute. Readers who think that a real person must be literally transcribed into fictional form for such an influence to be valid have pointed out that Abe North is a musician, not a writer, and that his death comes after he is beaten up in a speakeasy in New York. But one of the many passages in which Abe North appears makes clear that he is Ring thinly disguised:

> His voice was slow and shy; he had one of the saddest faces Rosemary had ever seen, the high cheekbones of an Indian, a long upper lip, and enormous deep-set eyes. He had spoken out of the side of his mouth, as if he hoped his words would reach Mrs. McKisco by a circuitous and unobtrusive route.

If there is any lingering doubt that Abe North was formed from Ring, it is dispelled in the novel's final reference to him. Dick Diver (for whom read "Scott") is grieving at Abe's murder: ". . . Dick's lungs burst for a moment with regret for Abe's death, and his own youth of ten years ago."

Scott's inveterate enthusiasm often led him into the role of self-appointed literary agent. He had an uncannily sharp eye—he really can be said to have discovered Ernest Hemingway, for which Hemingway never forgave him—and when that eye led him to a new discovery, invariably he reported the news to Maxwell Evarts Perkins. That is what he did with Ring, when he decided that it was time to take Ring out of the popular press and into the literary salons.

Max Perkins helped bring three notable writers to fame—Fitzgerald, Hemingway, and Thomas Wolfe—but he himself stayed, so far as he could, out of the limelight. He believed that it was his job to sit at his desk at Charles Scribner's Sons on Fifth Avenue and read the manuscripts that came to him—editing the work of writers already known, looking up occasionally to see if something unknown might come in, as it is said in publishing, over the transom. He was a Vermont Yankee of methodical habits—to work at ten, lunch at one, back at two-thirty, a pre-train drink at five—and subdued demeanor. But for all his reticence, he had a strong romantic streak.

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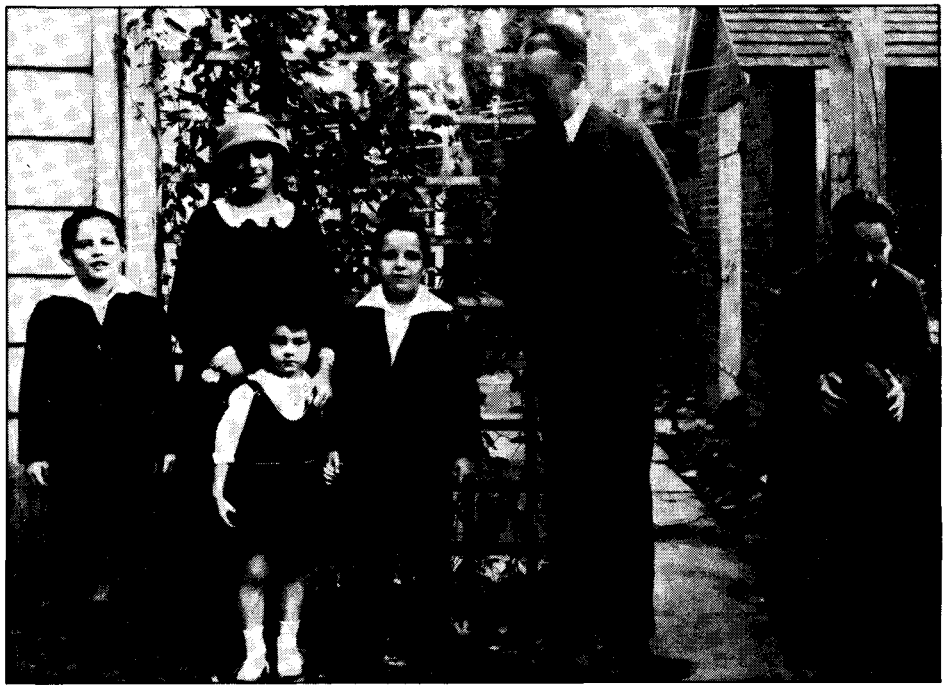
Scott first began to press Perkins to consider Ring as a possible Scribner author in the spring of 1923, and by July, Perkins was ready to move. Perkins felt that Ring's literary possibilities were greater than most of his work indicated, and he badly wanted to develop them. He wrote Ring a friendly if formal letter complimenting him on "The Golden Honeymoon," noting that Scott had "suggested that you might have other material of the same sort, which, with this, could form a volume." Apparently Ring responded by phone or through Scott, for no reply to this invitation exists; and that same month, Scott brought Perkins to Great Neck for a meeting with Ring.

It turned out to be a memorable one. They went for dinner at a Manhasset restaurant called René Durand's; the discussion of a volume of stories got specific enough so that the table of contents was virtually decided upon. Scott drank a great deal, and when the evening ended he chauffeured Perkins into a pond on Durand's grounds. Max for a time remembered the incident as "that eventful night when Scott drove into the lake," so it came as a disappointment to him when, in the summer of 1924, Ring took him to Durand's in the cold light of day. "I had yesterday a disillusioning afternoon at Great Neck," he said in a letter to Scott, "not in respect to Ring Lardner, who gains on you whenever you see him, but in respect to Durand's where he took me for lunch. I thought that night a year ago that we ran down a steep place into a lake. There was no steep place and no lake. We sat on a balcony in front. It was dripping hot and Durand took his police dog down to the margin of that puddle of a lily pond —the dog waded almost across it—and I'd been calling it a lake all these months. But they've put up a fence to keep others from doing as we did."

Ring and Perkins agreed on the publication of a volume of stories, though there was a basic problem that Scott remembered a decade later with undiminished astonishment: "My God! he hadn't even saved them—the material of *How to Write Short Stories* was obtained by photographing old issues of magazines in the public library!" Finally, on December 7, Perkins was able to write Ring and thank him for a copy of "Champion" (where Ring had found it is a mystery), which rounded out the table of contents to ten stories: "The Facts," "Some Like Them Cold," "Alibi Ike," "The Golden Honeymoon," "Champion," "My Roomy," "A Caddy's Diary," "A Frame-Up," "Harmony," and "Horseshoes." Four days later, Scott and Perkins met over lunch at the Hotel Chatham in New York, with Ring the principal subject of discussion. Whether it was here that Scott suggested the ironic and self-mocking *How to Write Short Stories* as the title for the collection is not certain, but he did outline, on the back of a menu, a program for a uniform edition of Ring's work that showed how closely he knew everything Ring had written.



Ring Lardner, Jr.

The Lardners of Great Neck—Jim, Ellis, David, Bill, Ring, and John.

While Ring gallivanted around in the spring of 1924, from Miami to Nassau, back to Great Neck, then to Washington, Perkins worked to get the story collection into shape for publication. He cajoled Ring into writing a preface and then into adding brief introductory comments for each story. A May 9 publication date was set, and before it was reached Perkins was busily looking beyond it, persuading Ring to write to his first publishers about releasing the rights to his earlier books so Scribner's could put together a uniform edition. It must have been among the great frustrations of Max Perkins's career that he was never permitted to bring his formidable editorial resources to bear on the work of Ring Lardner. For Ring never wrote a book. Perkins ended up performing a clipping-and-pasting service for Ring, rounding up his stories and columns and plays and putting them into volumes.

Scott, meantime, was making plans to leave Great Neck and move to the French Riviera; it was almost as if, having gotten Ring headed into the mainstream of American literature, he himself needed to set sail again. But there were more practical reasons. He was worried about matters between him and Zelda, and he was even more concerned about his declining productivity. He had, to be sure, produced a heavy volume of slick fiction in recent months due to a sudden financial crisis, but he knew that he could work neither seriously nor well in Great Neck. He wrote Perkins: "It is only in the last four months that I've realized how much I've—well, almost *deteriorated* in the three years since I finished *The Beautiful and Damned*. The last four months of course I've worked, but in the two years—over two years—before that, I produced exactly *one* play, *half a dozen* short stories and three or four articles—an average of about *one hundred* words a day. If I'd spent this time reading or traveling or doing anything—even staying healthy—it'd be different but I spent it uselessly neither in study nor in contemplation but only in drinking and raising hell generally." Scott, though he was vastly less self-disciplined than Ring, in this case knew what Ring would not finally realize for another four years: he had to get out of Great Neck. That it was corroding his liver was bad enough; that it was destroying his art was intolerable.

The departure of the Fitzgeralds by no means ended their friendship with Ring and his wife, Ellis. The four would see little of each other for the remainder of their lives, but they kept in close touch by mail. In fact, Ring's friendship with Scott provoked him to a correspondence that

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Life on the Bench

Earl Warren, eleven, growing up in California at a "rough and rather primitive time."

The Memoirs of Chief Justice Earl Warren
by Chief Justice Earl Warren
Doubleday, 394 pp., $12.95

Reviewed by Alan Barth

By any reasonable calculation, Earl Warren must be counted among the great Chief Justices of the United States—the most influential, perhaps, since John Marshall. The 16 years of his tenure on the Supreme Court embraced a period of dramatic change (at any rate, of institutional adjustment to dramatic change) in the character of American life. A nation that in its earlier years had been overwhelmingly rural in residence and agricultural in occupation had become predominantly urban and industrial. The tremendous migration from villages and small towns to great cities brought with it a social upheaval entailing crucial alterations in social values and a multitude of vexing problems.

For complicated reasons—among them, perhaps, inadequate executive and legislative leadership—these vexing problems were presented for resolution in disproportionate measure to the judicial branch of the American government. The buck stopped, especially in the Eisenhower years, not at the White House but at the Supreme Court. At a time when the representative institutions of the country seemed sunk in complacency, the Court recalled the promise of American life to black Americans and at least set the stage for a redress of ancient wrongs and grievances. When state and national legislatures seemed powerless to throw off their bondage to rural rule, the Court reasserted the basic tenet of democracy—that all men are entitled to an equal voice in the shaping of their public affairs. When officially sponsored religious observances were proliferating in public schools and in other aspects of public life, as though this nation were some sort of theocracy, the Court reminded the country that separation of church and state is a fundamental safeguard of religious liberty. And when policemen and prosecutors were systematically cutting constitutional corners in dealing with criminal defendants, the Court told them categorically that due process of law is an essential element of justice.

While Earl Warren, like any other Chief Justice, was not more than first among equals on a Court that abounded in powerful personalities—some of whom outshone him in legal learning, in felicity of expression, and in depth of judicial philosophy—he nevertheless contributed a unifying influence and a significant leadership to the Court. If the Marshall Court, writing upon an unmarked scroll at the inception of the Republic, gave vitality to the United States Constitution and framed the growth of a federal system, the Warren Court brought about an adaptation of that system to the needs of a developed nation, a nation that had become a great military and economic power in a world brought closer together by new modes of travel and communication and other scientific advances quite beyond the imagination of the Constitution's authors. It is no overstatement to say that the Warren Court revitalized democracy in America.

Few Americans expected such a judicial career from Earl Warren when President Eisenhower chose him to be Chief Justice in 1953. He had been an unusually popular, honorable, efficient, and, indeed, enlightened governor of California. Before that, he had served for 13 years as district attorney of Alameda County and also for a time as attorney general of California. He had been a favorite-son, dark-horse contender for the Republican presidential nomination in 1952—just in case Eisenhower and Taft had deadlocked in the Republican convention. The country regarded his appointment to the Court as respectable, but uninspiring and basically political. The President himself said that he had made the choice of Earl Warren on the basis of the governor's "integrity, honesty, middle-of-the-road philosophy."

Alan Barth is a Washington-based journalist. His most recent book is **Prophets with Honor.**

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To those who were astonished by Warren's judicial activism, imagination, and unconventionality, *The Memoirs of Chief Justice Earl Warren* affords a pretty fair explanation. Although the book is more narrative and factual than introspective, it tells much about the factors that made Warren what he became. Unmistakably, he enlarged with experience. He grew up in a rough and rather primitive time. Bakersfield, California, where he spent his youth, was, as he describes it, "a wild and woolly city at the time I entered high school in September 1903. Oil had been discovered in the environs along the Kern River in 1899, and the boom was in full swing." He worked his way through high school and college by doing a variety of odd jobs—and those jobs would prove to be a crucible for his philosophy of government and law.

> I witnessed crime and vice of all kinds countenanced by corrupt government as I learned the habits of a large part of the railroad men with whom I was thrown in contact. As a train caller, I saw men rush from the pay car to the gambling houses and never leave until they had lost every cent of their month's laborious earnings. . . . I became familiar with the ten- and even twelve-hour day, seven days a week. I worked many such hours myself. . . . The things I learned about monopolistic power, political dominance, corruption in government, and their effect on the people of a community were valuable lessons that would tend to shape my career throughout life, although I did not then foresee any such results.

Raised by parents with simple and strict moral values, Warren as district attorney went after the rackets in Alameda County unrelentingly, one by one. As attorney general of California, he continued the same course. Dog tracks, gambling ships, shady bail-bond arrangements, conniving sheriffs, and politicians on the take were successively put out of business.

One crime that occurred while Warren was the Alameda County prosecutor must have left an indelible impression on him. His father, sitting in his home one spring evening, probably dozing over the evening paper, was attacked by an intruder who crushed his skull with a piece of pipe and left him dead. The crime was never solved. When one reads about Warren's law-enforcement and prosecutory experiences in California, one begins to understand the significance of his contribution to the Supreme Court in interpreting the criminal law. He was, by any standard, a realistic and tough-minded fighter against crime. And one can hardly escape some sense of giddiness on recalling how bitterly he was taunted by critics of some of his Supreme Court opinions—in the *Miranda* case particularly—as being a "bleeding heart liberal," soft on crime and overly concerned with the constitutional rights of criminals.

It is true that Warren, even in his California years, consistently displayed a compassion for the poor and handicapped. One of his first acts as governor was to do something about the state's antiquated and

The Chief Justice as college junior (1910)—"He enlarged with experience."

dilapidated "insane asylums." "Immediately upon assuming office," he notes in the *Memoirs*, "I undertook to make a personal survey of them, and over a period of a few weeks I visited each hospital. They were then ten in number, and the conditions I found were so appalling that I did not have a peaceful night's sleep for over a month."

Warren was in a sense "radicalized" by the opposition he encountered as governor when he sought to put through the legislature reforms in the state's health care programs, in its penal institutions, and in other state services. A system of medical insurance he proposed that would have made health care readily available to poor people was insensately denounced by the medical establishment as "socialized medicine" and "Communistic." Bankers and the Associated Farmers of California attacked him ferociously for every progressive reform he tendered. No doubt he learned from these experiences to look with some disdain when he later sat on the Supreme Court at the denunciations to which he was subjected and at the attempts of the John Birch Society to impeach him. He was by no means thick-skinned, but criticism never made him quail. In a prologue to the *Memoirs*, its editors note:

> Warren worked on [the book] from early 1970 until he died of a cardiac arrest on July 9, 1974. He worked sporadically and did not have time to finish quite all of the very rough first draft, let alone polish it. This posed an editorial problem, since the Chief Justice, though an able speaker, was a writer of prose that one reader described as being "the kind that would keep the lightest paper from blowing away."

And the editors offer an additional observation:

> Some will accuse him of pompousness and immoderate pride in his accomplishments. Others, who knew him better, will realize that he is simply being forthright, as always, though sometimes to the point of naïveté, and that this inexperience with intimate personal writing of this sort left him unaware of the means by which more subtle and professional authors may advance their own causes without seeming to.

This is not altogether unfair criticism, but to this reviewer it seems excessively severe. *The Memoirs of Chief Justice Earl Warren* is the work of a mind not distinguishedly sinuous or supple, but strong and clear and unyielding in its convictions. Warren was a man of the most impeccable personal integrity, single-minded in his devotion to the public service. It is perhaps unique among public officials that from the moment he entered public service as a young man in California to the day he retired from the Supreme Court, Earl Warren never accepted a nickel from anyone for a speech, article, or any other kind of activity. And once he mounted the bench he never manifested the slightest interest in any political office or influence. His commitment to the Court was complete.

Right and wrong were realities to Earl Warren. He had a definite system of ethics, and his concept of law was essentially ethical. In a speech delivered in 1962, indeed, he spoke of law as floating "in a sea of ethics." If his account of his life seems at times stilted and somewhat wooden in style, it is nevertheless a fascinating recollection of profoundly significant developments in the political life of the country and of the impact on those developments of a good, and great, man. ◉

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Books

None So Blind

Full Disclosure
by William Safire
Doubleday, 528 pp., $10.95

by J. Anthony Lukas

"THE Crimean Game Preserve. The realization that he was surrounded by animals and more unknown dangers was too much for Harry to cope with and he passed out on his gun, a couple of feet from the dead body of the General Secretary of the Soviet Communist Party lying on top of what Harry hoped was not the dead body of his President."

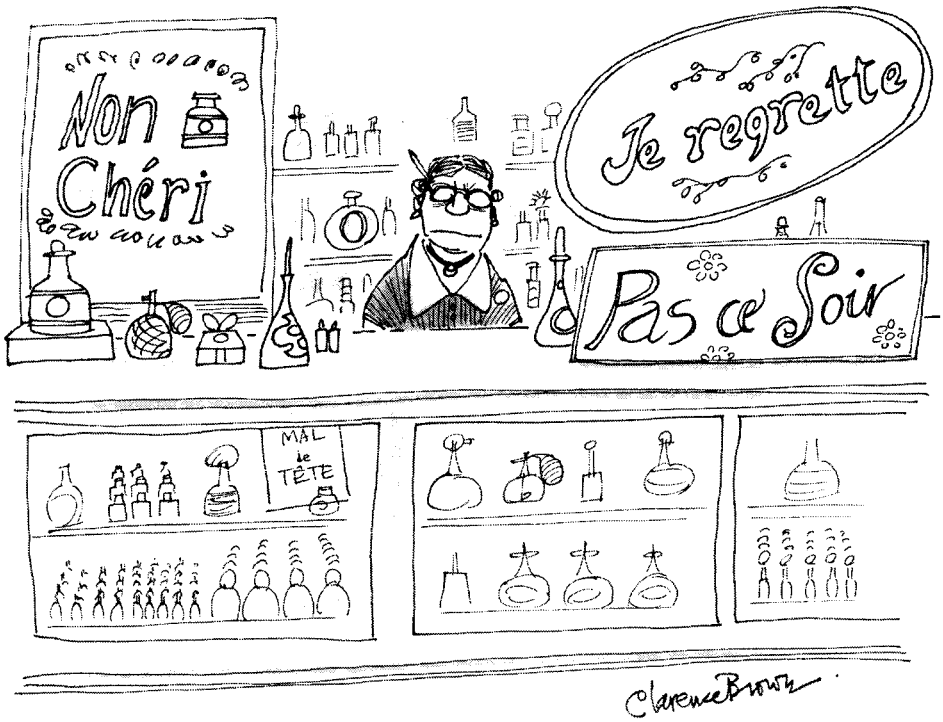
Can one take this book seriously?

As literature, certainly not. No such pretension could be sustained by the story of Sven Ericson, the forty-first President of the United States, who is blinded when a helicopter carrying him and the Soviet party chief is shot down by five Mongolians over the Crimean Game Preserve. He then survives the Mongolians' ground attack and a rampaging wild boar only to meet fresh assaults back in Washington from an avaricious Secretary of the Treasury aided by a promiscuous White House photographer with whom Ericson is having a top secret but deliciously sensual affair.

All one can say about mush like this is that the author—once a speechwriter for Richard Nixon—has at last learned how to make his White House experience pay off commercially. Several years ago, Safire turned out an insider's apologia on the Nixon White House called *Before the Fall.* It didn't sell. Even before publication, *Full Disclosure* has sold like mad: a whopping $1.3 million for paperback rights, with a giant movie deal almost sure to follow.

And that would be that—profitable mush—were it not for the way Safire laces his narrative with intriguing parallels to the Nixon years.

This is no simple roman à clef. Safire says explicitly, "The coolly ironic Ericson was a far cry from Nixon." Nor is Ericson's battle for survival merely a metaphor for Nixon's impeachment struggle. For although Ericson's enemies consider the impeachment route, they rely instead on the Twenty-fifth Amendment, which provides for the removal of a President who is incapable—because of physical or mental disability—of fulfilling his duties.



Indeed, the book's one redeeming feature is its exploration of the perils implicit in the Twenty-fifth Amendment. Approved by Congress in 1965 and ratified by the states in 1967, the amendment provides that if the Vice-President and a majority of the Cabinet declare that the President is "unable to discharge the powers and duties of his office," the Vice-President shall immediately take over as acting President. But if the President declares that no disability exists and the Vice-President and a majority of the Cabinet reaffirm that it does, then the matter shall be settled by Congress.

Obviously, it would be no dispassionate medical-legal inquiry. Such a battle would bring to bear all the political forces contending for power in the capital and—driven to its logical or illogical extremes—might become virtually a constitutional coup d'etat. By exploring the rich possibilities of this situation, Safire not only cooks up a fiery stewpot of political ambitions, but produces a dramatic warning of the amendment's possible abuse.

And yet, although the circumstances and some of the techniques are different, the power struggle in this book is heavily shadowed by recent battles in Washington. Some of the allusions to the Nixon years may be playful: a critical showdown occurs on June 17, the date of the Watergate break-in; as the crisis accelerates, White House aides warn each other to be careful of surreptitious taping, noting "the last guy who tried that got into trouble"; a dangerous piece of evidence is dubbed "the smoking gun"; a self-righteous press secretary protests, "I won't be part of a cover-up"; and, as the climax nears, one presidential assistant warns another, "For the next few days, kiddo, this place is going to seem like Hitler's bunker."

BUT other parallels seem more purposeful. The President of the United States is under a concerted attack by press, public, and Congress. Powerful men, acting from a variety of motives, seek to remove him from office. The cry for his ouster intensifies when the press and public discover that the President has tried to "cover up" an earlier, temporary bout of blindness and to deceive them about the degree of his disability.

Safire is clearly toying here with many of the themes inherent in the Watergate struggle. Indeed, this book carries forward—in somewhat disguised form—the apologia for Nixon that has been a consistent

J. Anthony Lukas is the author of Nightmare: The Underside of the Nixon Years.

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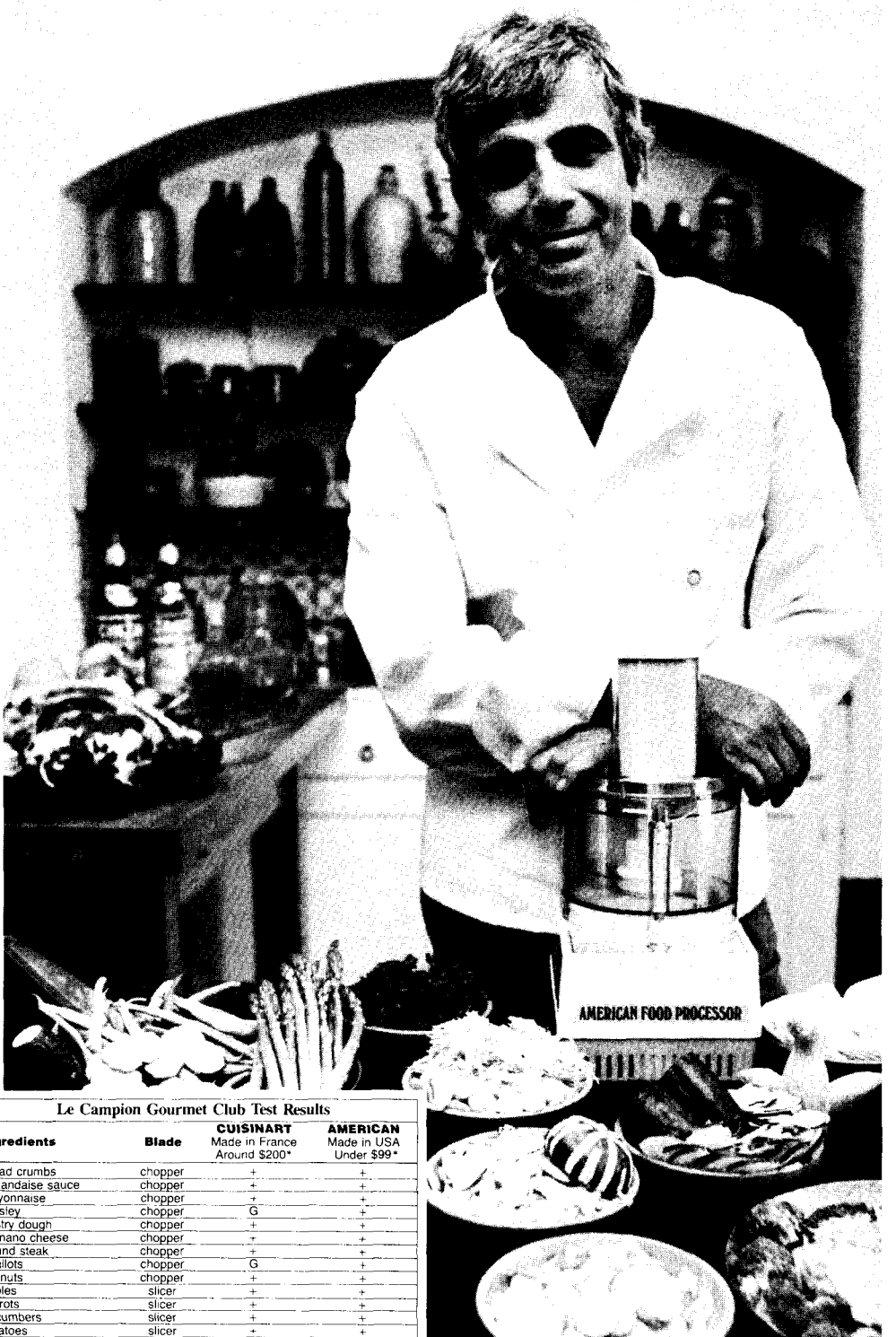
Don E. Silvers
Le Campion Gourmet



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Donald E Silvers

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Bread crumbs	chopper	+	+
Hollandaise sauce	chopper	+	+
Mayonnaise	chopper	+	+
Parsley	chopper	G	+
Pastry dough	chopper	+	+
Romano cheese	chopper	+	+
Round steak	chopper	+	+
Shallots	chopper	G	+
Walnuts	chopper	+	+
Apples	slicer	+	+
Carrots	slicer	+	+
Cucumbers	slicer	+	+
Potatoes	slicer	+	+
Tomatoes (Soft)	slicer	Z	Z
Celery	grater	G	G
Cheddar cheese	grater	F	G
Potatoes	grater	Z	Z

Key: + —Excellent, **G**—Good, **F**—Fair, **Z**—Zero (forget it).
*Based on manufacturer's suggested retail price.

For a free documented copy of the test results write directly to Le Campion Gourmet Club, 1200 Mt. Diablo Blvd., Walnut Creek, CA 94596.

Don E. Silvers is menu consultant for the Le Campion Gourmet Club, was Executive Chef of the Beverly Hills, CA. Bon Appetit Restaurant, is both a residential and commercial designer of gourmet kitchens, has taught for UCLA and has a degree in Chef's Training.

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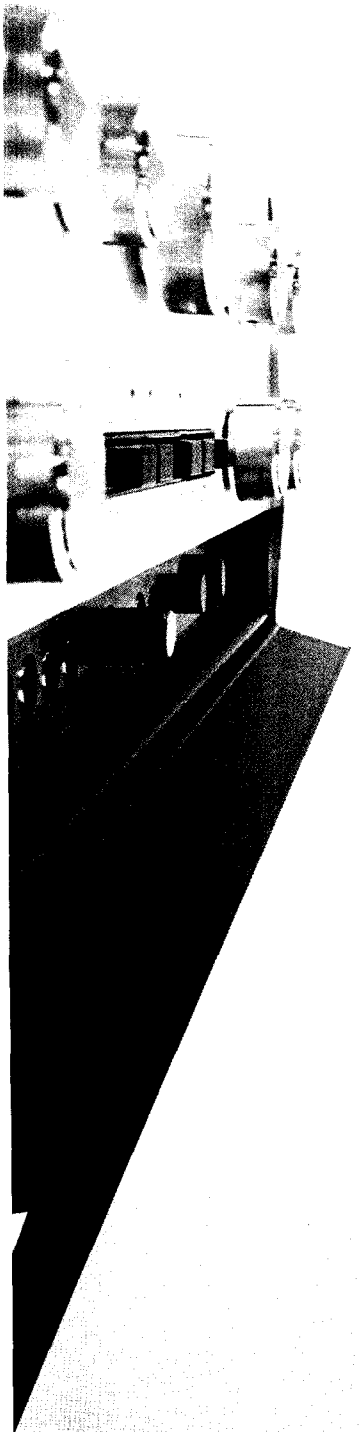

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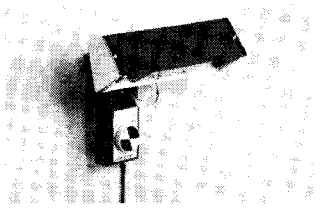

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theme not only of Safire's earlier book but of his columns on the op-ed page of *The New York Times.*

He does this, in part, by making Ericson, the beleaguered President, an infinitely more attractive figure than most of his self-serving enemies—and by making the scandal in which he becomes ever more deeply embroiled the all too natural imbroglio surrounding an essentially honest man who wishes to do well for his country but who is dragged down by a very human wish for political survival.

The tight little circle of advisers Ericson assembles behind his own Berlin Wall is portrayed not as a paranoid's crutch but as a touching little "family," a natural recourse for a man who cannot count on anybody else. Even Hennessy, the President's special-counsel-become-chief-of-staff—an amalgam of Chuck Colson and Bob Haldeman—is made positively appealing. One aide calls him "a genuinely evil man," but Safire tries to convince us that Hennessy is an extremist only out of intense loyalty to the President, and that such loyalty is a far better motive than the self-serving ambitions of the sharks circling outside.

As for the Ultimate Leader himself, Safire has Ericson explain, "I did nothing venal, nothing out of a motive to lie or cheat or steal, but only to stabilize a situation until I could deal with it intelligently. . . . I got into this shape because I was trying to do something for the country, for peace in the world. I mean that, you know I do. And if I can hang on, if I can ride this out, I can do the job well."

If that sounds familiar, it's only because it's what Safire has been telling us about Nixon in our breakfast-table daily for lo these many months.

At one point, I thought I detected another, more telling, metaphor. As Ericson's blindness closes in on him—as he gropes through corridors, knocking over glasses, bumping into doors—I wondered whether Safire wasn't making Ericson's physical blindness stand for Nixon's moral blindness. My God, I thought, have I misjudged this book? Is this really Safire's way of coming to terms with the crippling disability of the man he served?

But no. As I plodded on—through another and yet another justification for sleazy presidential behavior—I concluded that it is Safire himself who is blind to what happened beneath his eyes all those years. He says it himself, through his Secretary of the Treasury, who exclaims: "There are none so blind as those who will not see." ◉

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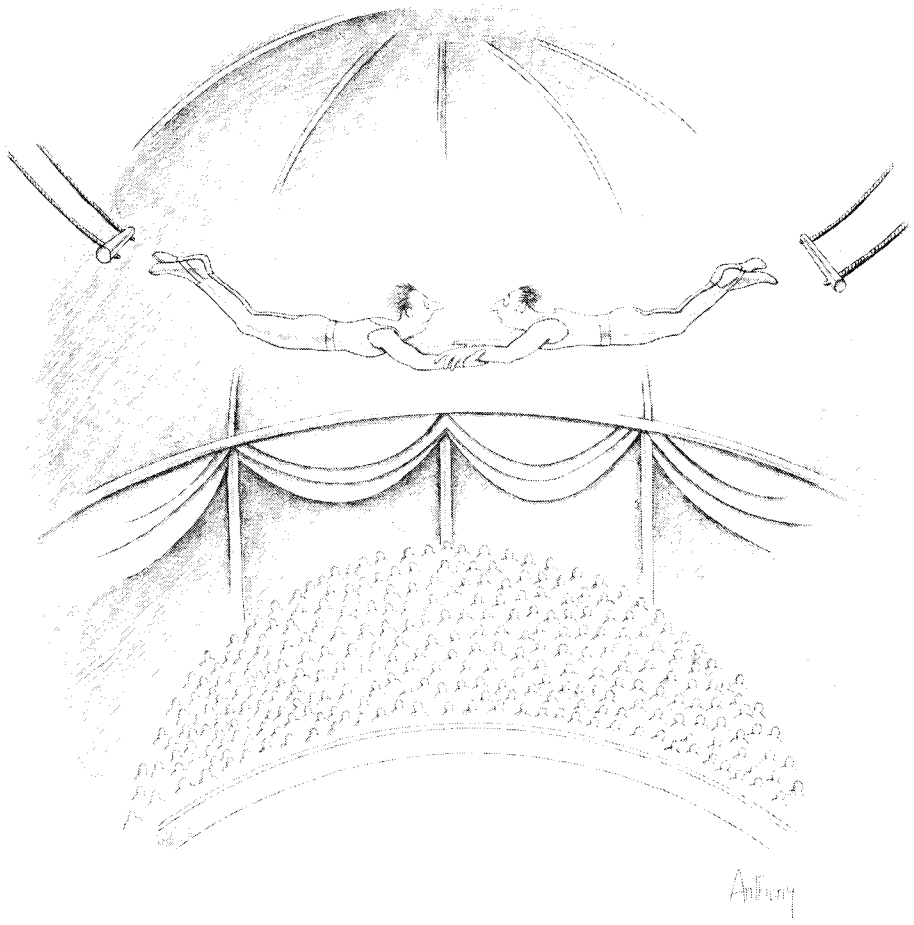
Unbridled Pegasus

Charleston & Other Stories
by José Donoso
Translated from the Spanish by Andrée Conrad
David R. Godine, 192 pp., $8.95
Sacred Families
by José Donoso
Translated from the Spanish by Andrée Conrad
Knopf, 224 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Robert Maurer

A WRITER is an exorcist of his own demons, the Peruvian novelist Mario Vargas Llosa once said. Like a creature possessed, casting magical adjurations of language, he is implacably determined from his beginnings upon a search for self-definition, as if thereby to rid himself of himself. The process is never-ending. Hence the progressive trials, the changes in form and style, and hence, too, the pervasive unity in the writer's work.

What is clear from José Donoso's *Charleston & Other Stories* is that, in pursuit of his own demons, his agile, sometimes hypertrophied imagination was off and running in the morning. After his first three novels, all variously portraying the decay of Chile's antiquated, rigidly structured society, Donoso was pegged as a *criollista*, a writer in the tradition of Chilean regional realism. Yet of the nine pieces in the *Charleston* volume (eight of which come from his two earliest short story collections, which were published in 1955 and 1960), only three tales are rooted in *criollista* realism—for example, the straightforward, somewhat nostalgic title story about three young men bent upon a life of wine and merriment who are jolted into seriousness through a terrifying experience with a dying drunkard. Although skillfully done, these tales are the weakest of the lot, perhaps the only signs that Donoso ever served a literary apprenticeship.



The other stories in *Charleston* reveal Donoso at his typical best, which is when he moves step by step from our real world toward a realm of dream, magic, fantasy, and mystery, exposing no telltale footprints as the transition occurs and gradually winning over a reader to an acceptance of fictional incredibility. Not unexpectedly in a collection of early work, a number of the tales exorcise youthful demons as their heroes and heroines first experience—and reject—the indifference, dullness, and cruelty of grown-ups. More important, however, is the haunting, self-contained isolation of Donoso's characters, who, driven by obsessions and supernatural powers, hover constantly on the brink of either salvatory revelations or imminent destruction.

Sebástian Rengifo in *Charleston*'s "The Closed Door" is impelled to sleep every chance he gets, day or night, until those around him attribute his chronic somnolence to illness, then to laziness, and ultimately to madness. Unaware as a child of his own motives, Rengifo later realizes that dreaming is his destiny and that through sleep he will one day discover "something real and magical, like a world of light," to fill the void within him. He dies in his sleep, destitute, only then perhaps realizing his goal. Merely through wordless song, a young boy in "Summertime" can charm a playmate into uncontrollable laughing or crying and—in a transfer of personality frequent in Donoso—transmits his magical power to his friend when they separate. In "Santillices" a man hordes "dirty" pictures of domesticated and jungle felines as other men do magazine centerfolds, until, beset by nightmares of ferocious animals, he one day leaps from a window to rescue a woman feeding her cats on a patio five stories below. Perched on an edge between reality and fantasy, the mundane and the visionary, rationality and insanity, order and

Robert Maurer has just returned from five months in Argentina, where he was Fulbright Professor of American Literature in Buenos Aires.

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chaos, Donoso's protagonists in *Charleston* inhabit a dark, grotesque world of their own making.

SEPARATED by more than two decades from the earliest *Charleston* stories, the three novellas in *Sacred Families*, all set in the expensive glitter of today's Spanish bourgeois society and unified by overlapping characters, show Donoso so entirely in control of fictional unreality that he can joke about it—and about all Latin-American writers who, like himself, put no bridle on their Pegasus. "This sort of fantastic thing didn't happen except in modern novels by tropical writers," says the hero of "Chattanooga Choo-Choo," whose sexual organ has disappeared after an application of Elizabeth Arden Vanishing Cream by an armless, mannequinlike femme fatale. Where the earlier stories often present a closed world inhabited by people distant from our norms, and hence threaten to be a bit stagy, even tricky, *Sacred Families* deals with our most recognizable concerns and brazenly displays fantasy as a mode of playfulness and humor.

Still present, however, is Donoso's movement from one level of reality to another. "Chattanooga Choo-Choo," which seems at first to be portraying Spain's jet set in the crisp, detached manner of Hemingway or Juan Goytisolo, veers gradually into a bizarre, fanciful, comic spoof on modern cosmopolitan fads: women's liberation; Masters and Johnson; interior decoration; marital license; the literary cults of Lorca and Hesse; fashions in art, clothes, and faces. "Green Atom Number Five," which starts more like a hilarious surrealistic dramatic skit than a story, traces the career of a married couple so wedded to their fashionable material possessions that when things mysteriously begin to disappear, nothing is left the couple but growing separation, selfishness, hate, nakedness, and violence. Only the last story, about a Spanish teen-ager seeking identity and companionship through his ability to bring people under his control by whistling, harks back to Donoso's serious vein and to a character driven, like his creator, to conjure weird transformations.

Sacred Families, first published in 1973 by Barcelona's Seix Barral as *Tres novelitas burguesas*, is the latest fiction from Donoso's hand. Thus, representing his beginnings and where he is now, these two collections of short fiction allow one to see the constants in Donoso's work: his gripping power as a storyteller; his grotesque vision of experience; and his dark, terrifying account of human existence, lying just beneath the surface of the normal, the orderly, and even the humorous. Donoso has said it was after reading Ernest Sábato's novel *About Heroes and Tombs* that he realized how "the irrational could have intellectual significance equal to or even greater than the rational." That realization, however, was not so much a shaping force for his fiction thereafter as it was a description of the writer he'd always been.

Perhaps it's inevitable that only when a foreign author catches on can translations of his work catch up. The turning point for Donoso was *The Obscene Bird of Night*, which since 1970 has been hailed here, in Europe, and in Latin America as Donoso's masterpiece, a monument of grotesque fantasy about Chile to rival Gabriel García Márquez's *One Hundred Years of Solitude* about Colombia. Now, with the first American editions of Donoso's short fiction, plus the publication earlier this year of *The Boom in Spanish American Literature**—his incisive "personal history" of the explosion that has familiarized the world with names like Fuentes, Borges, Cortázar, and Vargas Llosa—the Donoso canon is up to date in English. However much the English versions have been delayed, translation readers should cherish such large blessings. ◉

**The Boom in Spanish American Literature*, translated from the Spanish by Gregory Kolovakos. Columbia Univ. Press, 122 pp., $9.

Wit Twister No. 99
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 61.

Ecologists _ _ _ _ _ _, I fear, may bemoan:

"The _ _ _ _ _ _ young

_ _ _ _ _ _ to _ _

_ _ _ _ is prone.

"Inbreeding, of course, puts a species in danger,

"But how can a gnat tell his twin from a stranger?"

Contributed by Colonel Myron Birnbaum, Falls Church, Va.

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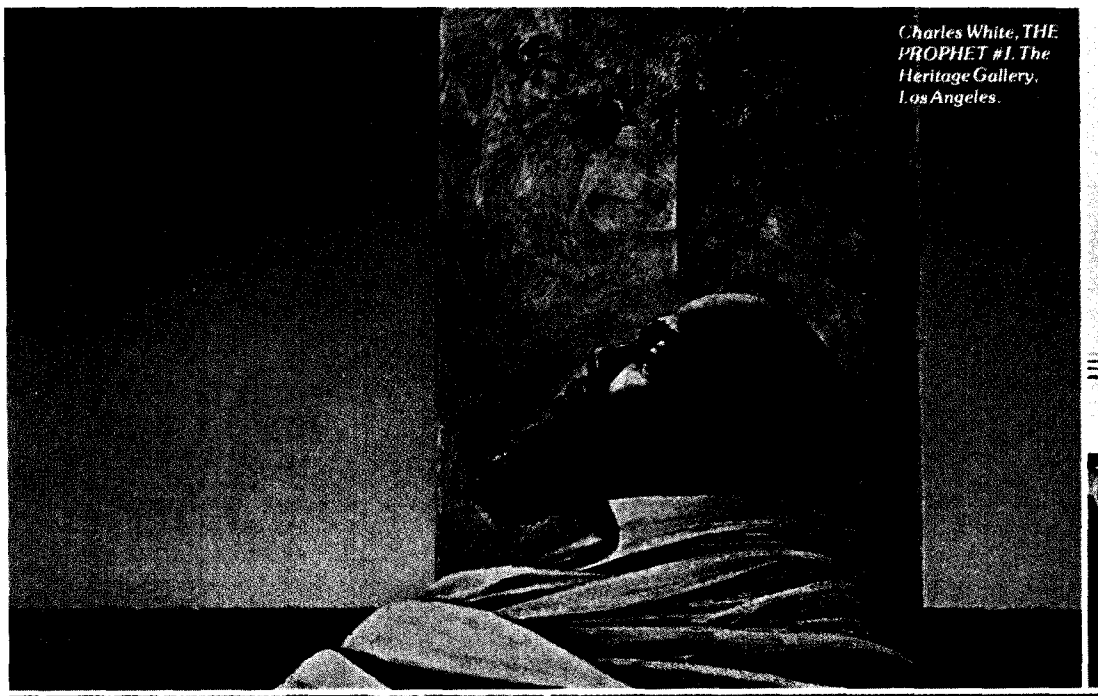
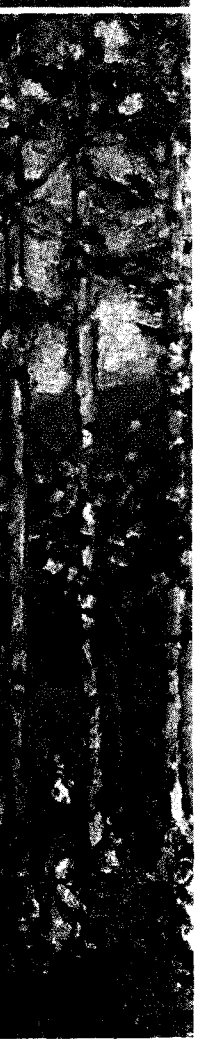


Charles White, THE PROPHET #1. The Heritage Gallery, Los Angeles.

Eldzier Cortor, INTERIOR. Collection of Mr. Robert Wilson.

Henry Ossawa Tanner, THREE MARYS. Department of Art, Fisk University.

William E. Scott, HAITIAN MARKET. Department of Art, Fisk University.



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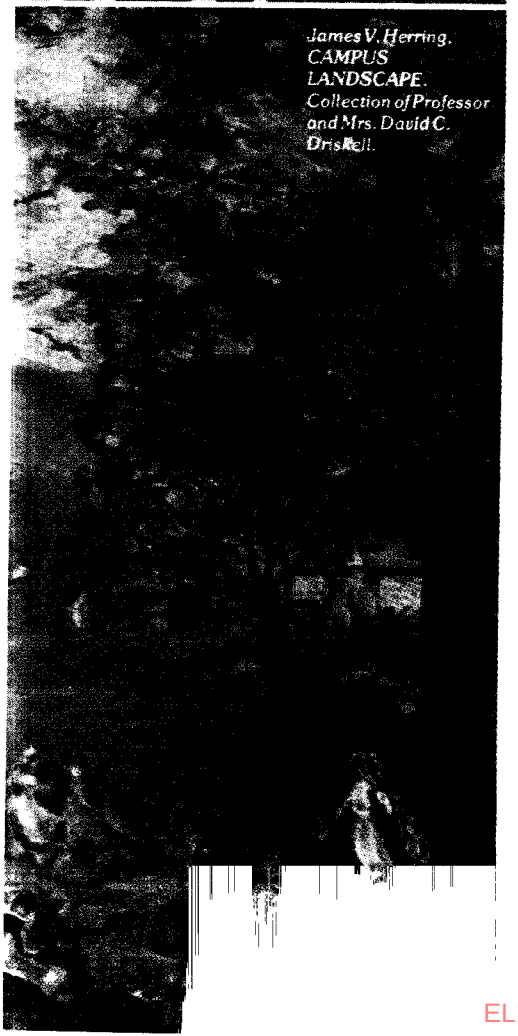
ke a country great.

Horace Pippin, CHRISTMAS MORNING BREAKFAST. Cincinnati Art Museum, The Edwin and Virginia Irwin Memorial Fund.



James V. Herring, CAMPUS LANDSCAPE. Collection of Professor and Mrs. David C. Driskell.

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"Two Centuries of Black American Art" appears at The Brooklyn Museum, Brooklyn, N.Y., June 25 to Aug. 21, 1977. It has previously appeared at The Los Angeles County Museum of Art, The High Museum of Art, Atlanta, Georgia and the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Dallas, Texas. This exhibition has been made possible by grants from the National Endowment for the Humanities and Philip Morris Incorporated.

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Books in Brief

Tsuga's Children
by Thomas Williams
Random House, 239 pp., $7.95

TSUGA'S CHILDREN begins: "Once there was a family named Hemlock who lived, in another time, near the base of Cascom Mountain, a high bold mountain of hardwood trees, dark evergreens and granite crags." Into the Hemlock family's timeless environs—the distilled setting for Thomas Williams's allegorical tale —comes an ancient, dark personage who does not use her tongue to speak or her eyes to see. She moves into the Hemlocks' humble home and lures the children, Arn and Jen, to the valley of a dark mountain inhabited by an immortal race called Old People. There they become spiritual children of the legendary Tsuga, the great and fearless hunter who could not penetrate the valley's gate of black stone because his eyes could see only what he had to kill in order to survive. Through initiation and trial by fire, Arn and Jen attain ultimate knowledge of that which is beyond the utterable and the visually verifiable.

Surely the universality of such a theme and the simplicity of the storytelling should not offend one. Yet this reader was put off by the author's indulging himself in lofty themes that students of literature fondly embrace as mirror evidence of their own superior sensibilities and noble natures. The same preciousness is found in Williams's prior novel, *The Hair of Harry Roux*, a sleeper that won last year's National Book Award for fiction. Both *Roux* and *Tsuga* are bathed in self-congratulatory virtue. While in *Tsuga* the implication of myth is manifestly present, it cannot work its intended spell, for magic and wonder do not illuminate or attend it. —LINDA KUEHL

The Totalitarian Temptation
by Jean-François Revel
Translated by David Hapgood
Doubleday, 311 pp., $8.95

THIS book is a cry of fear and rage—fear that the world is drifting toward totalitarianism and rage at the critics of capitalist democracy responsible for the drift. Employing the same subtlety and daring that energized his previous essay on American accomplishments, *Without Marx or Jesus*, Revel tears at the blinkers of ideologues who see the foibles of democracy but not the dangers of state power, capitalist injustices but not Communist failings. His purpose is not to save capitalism but to salvage freedom and to further human welfare in a world that becomes more threatening to both every day. He thinks this possible only through universal socialism under world government and identifies two major obstacles to bringing it off: the nation-state, which breeds local tyranny and world chaos, and Communism, which abets the state. Hence Revel urges democratic socialists to pursue their aims from within the vital culture of democratic capitalism.

Revel lays down his pen before telling how world socialism could be installed, but by then he has tallied an impressive score against his enemies by recording and analyzing recent political and economic history—in France, Chile, the Soviet Union, and elsewhere. If conservatives find the facts and arguments here more congenial than do liberals, they will nonetheless close the book with their pieties disturbed. —JAMES SLOAN ALLEN

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Harmony *from page 25*

was for him voluminous and chatty, and much of what we now know about his life has been learned from those letters.

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To Z.S.F.
Zelda, fair queel of Alabam',
Across the waves I kiss you!
You think I am a stone, a clam;
You think that I don't care a damn,
But God! how I will miss you!

For months and months you've meant to me
What Mario meant to Tosca.
You've gone, and I am all at sea
Just like the Minnewaska.

I once respected him you call
Your spouse, and that is why, dear,
I held my tongue—and then, last Fall
He bared a flippancy and gall
Of which I'd had no idear.

When I with pulmonary pain
Was seized, he had the gumption
To send me lives of Wilde and Crane,
Two brother craftsmen who in vain
Had battled with consumption.

We wreak our vengeance as we can,
And I have no objection
To getting even with this "man"
By stealing your affection.

So, dearie, when your tender heart
Of all his coarseness tires,
Just cable me and I will start
Immediately for Hyeres.

To hell with Scott Fitzgerald then!
To hell with Scott, his daughter!
It's you and I back home again,
To Great Neck, where the men are men
And booze is ¾ water.

My heart goes with you as you sail,
God grant you won't be seasick!
The thought of you abaft the rail,
Diffusing meat and ginger ale,
Makes both my wife and me sick.

But Ring, too, knew that it was time to get back to work. To Thomas Boyd, another Scribner's author, he wrote on May 18: "Great Neck is like a cemetery since Scott and Zelda went. And I might say that as far as I'm concerned, it would have been more like one if they'd stayed." ◉

This article is adapted from *Ring: A Biography of Ring Lardner*, to be published by Random House in August. © 1977 by Jonathan Yardley. Printed by permission of the publisher.

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Pure but Not Simple
Fine poet, Marvin Bell. He's been published in all the better magazines and has received a Lamont Award and a Guggenheim Fellowship. Atheneum recently published his fifth book, *Stars Which See, Stars Which Do Not See*, paperbound, for $3.95. He's forty, a New Yorker teaching at the University of Iowa. Here's a refreshing love poem, pure but not simple, "To Dorothy":

You are not beautiful, exactly.
You are beautiful, inexactly.
You let a weed grow by the mulberry
and a mulberry grow by the house.
So close, in the personal quiet
of a windy night, it brushes the wall
and sweeps away the day till we sleep.

A child said it, and it seemed true:
"Things that are lost are all equal."
But it isn't true. If I lost you,
the air wouldn't move, nor the tree grow.
Someone would pull the weed, my flower.
The quiet wouldn't be yours. If I lost you,
I'd have to ask the grass to let me sleep.

Glasgow's Underside
Yes, I'll read the occasional detective story, but it must have a lot more in it than just detection to hold my interest. Trevanian's *The Main* is a good one—a travelogue of Montreal's underside. William McIlvanney takes us through the same side of Glasgow in *Laidlaw* (Pantheon, June 27, $7.95), with bitter, brilliant Inspector Laidlaw as our guide. We have a wee lassie murdered in the park, rape, homosexual criminals, and the Scottish Mafia. McIlvanney is really a *writer*. Here's Laidlaw after a spat with his wife:

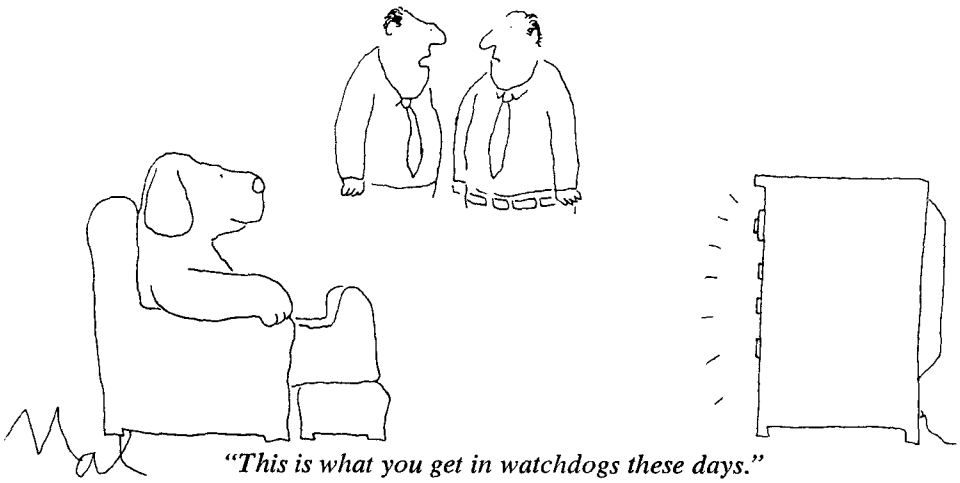
He gave the children hurried kisses like bruises on the way out. They didn't speak. In the car he was still as tight as a fist. It was getting worse. They quarreled in shorthand now. Their tolerance of each other had almost completely eroded. Alone in the car, he could admit the injustice of what both of them had said. Over the years they had developed a savage directness, because each had come to understand that the other stood for what couldn't be agreed to. It only took one remark to appear on the horizon and the other knew the waiting mass of unacceptable attitudes to which it was acting as scout.

Seven in One
At first glance, publishing E. F. Benson's seven "Lucia" novels in one volume looks like a labor of love. So I wondered what T. Y. Crowell, a publisher not known for labors of love, was thinking when it brought out this behemothian book last month, at $14.95, under the catchall title *Make Way for Lucia*. But, aha! *Publishers Weekly* cleared it all up: the Lucia books are "to be a TV series on *Masterpiece Theater*." Sales! Money! The Lucia books are a cult. As Anne Parrish wrote about them, "They are a touchstone to kindred minds."

Lucia is a bossy, middle-aged, upper-middle-class Englishwoman, the queen bee of her small village society before the First World War. There's lots of bickering, one-upmanshipping, garden parties, but, as Lucia puts it, "not a word of that horrid thing that Freud calls sex." I've read one of the novels and found it gently amusing, but I'm not joining the cult. The writing is somewhere between P. G. Wodehouse and Nancy Mitford (who contributes an introduction), but not as hilarious as the former or as shockingly snobbish as the latter. Here's a good passage—Lucia coping with a neighbor's odd handwriting:

There among them was a bulky envelope addressed in Mrs. Quantock's great sprawling hand, which looked at first sight so large and legible, but on closer examination turned out to be so baffling. You had to hold it at some distance off to make anything out of it, and look at it in an abstracted general manner much as you would look at a view. Treated thus, scattered words began to leap into being, and when you had got a sufficiency of these, like glimpses of the country seen by flashes of lightning, you could hope to get a collective idea of it all. The procedure led to the most promising results as Mrs. Lucas sat with the sheets at arm's length, occasionally altering the range to try the effect of a different focus. "Benares" blinked at her; also "Brahmin"; also "highest caste"; "extraordinary sanctity"; and "Guru." And when the meaning of this latter was ascertained from the article on "Yoga" in her *Encyclopaedia*, she progressed very swiftly towards a complete comprehension of the letter.

Quotes
If you read these maunderings with any regularity, you'll know that I have a weakness for books of quotations. As an anonymous English reviewer said, they give "a quick and pleasant feeling of intellectual stimulation without continued mental effort." The latest, just out from Harmony/Crown at $10, is *A Word from the Wise*, collected over a long lifetime by Otto L. Bettmann, the founder of that pictorial treasure-house, The Bettmann Archive. The quotes are arranged by topic, and each page is illustrated by apposite pictures from the archive. Some quotes: "Of all sexual aberrations, the strangest perhaps is chastity." That's Rémy de Gourmont. And Thackeray's delightful "Even when I am reading my lectures, I often think to myself, 'What a humbug you are.' And I wonder the people don't find it out." I've always loved this next quote, particularly in conjunction with the name of the man who wrote it—Dr. William Charles Dement: "Dreaming permits each and every one of us to be safely insane every night of the week." ◉



"This is what you get in watchdogs these days."

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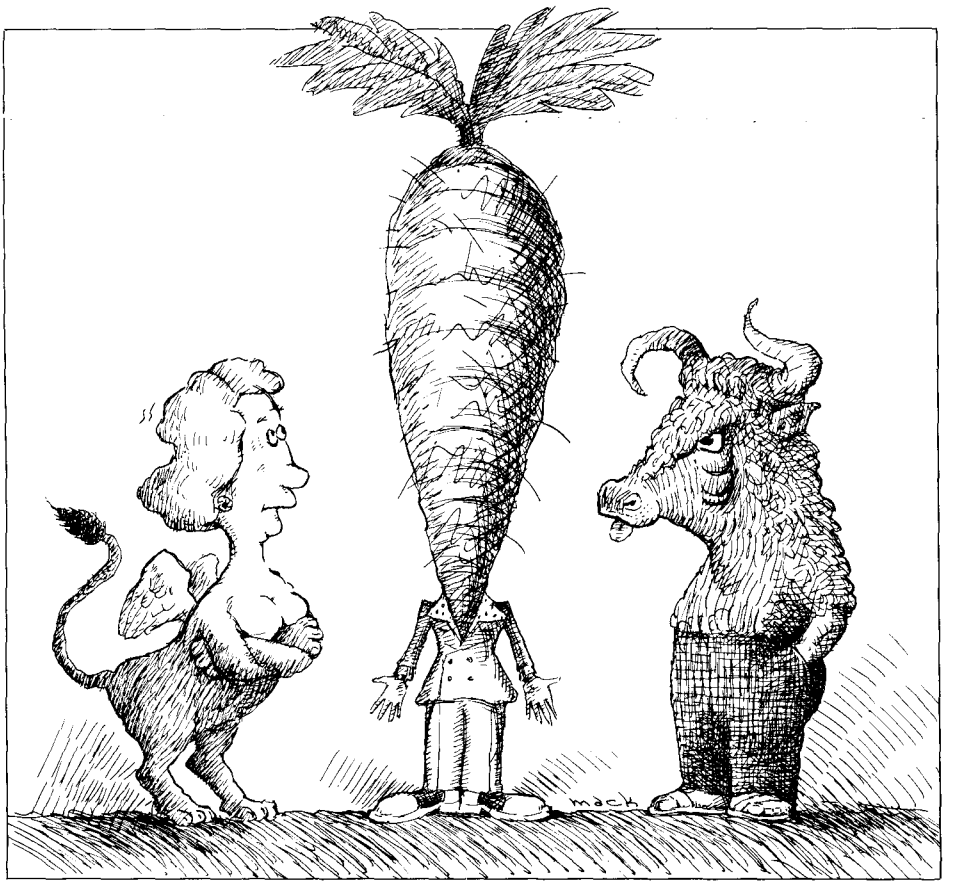
Scienceletter

And Now, "Interkingdom Fusion": The Marriage of Plant and Animal

Stan Mack



by Albert Rosenfeld

FROM the Minotaur to the Sphinx, ancient art and mythology are replete with composite monsters. Perhaps the best known of them—because its name has long since been lowercased to encompass many other meanings—is the Chimera. It possessed the basic body of a goat; but it began at one end with a dragon's tail and terminated at the other in a lion's head that spat forth mighty jets of fire. This was the formidable monster that Bellerophon finally did in, but only by virtue of swooping down astride Pegasus—another composite.

The word *chimera* now applies to any composite creature, be it ever so nonmonstrous—a centaur, say, or a mermaid. In the current era of organ transplantation, medicine has adopted the term to describe a human patient surgically supplied with some other person's organs, parts, or tissues. Such chimeras are still relatively rare, and each individual implantation is still a slow, painstaking procedure. But suddenly, over the past few years, cell biologists have learned how to turn out chimeras (or mini-chimeras, at least) in wholesale quantities.

Scientists cannot yet create a centaur or a mermaid; nor am I aware of any who are interested in so doing. Nevertheless, it would probably be well within their capabilities, if they chose, to produce a hybrid *cell* whose composite genes would be half man, half horse (though it might be hard to differentiate head from tail); or half woman, half fish. They might even duplicate the essential ingredients of the original Chimera—if dragon cells were not so hard to come by (the goat and the lion they could undoubtedly manage). Anyway, such composite creatures—at the cellular level only, mind you—are no longer purely mythical. They represent a real, even a commonplace, achievement. Man-mouse hybrid cells, for instance, are used routinely as laboratory tools in the growing field of study known as "somatic-cell genetics." (A somatic cell is any body cell other than an egg or sperm.)

It was only in 1960 that George Barski and his collaborators at the Institut Gustave Roussy in Paris discovered serendipitously that two different mouse-cell lines, grown in the same laboratory cultures, would sometimes fuse—that is, join together and mingle their chromosomes, their genetic information—forming hybrid cells. Fusion and hybridization were instantly seen to be potent instruments for genetic investigation. And, indeed, other investigators soon improved on Barski's techniques and began to exploit his discovery to fuse cells from entirely different species. By now the genes of rat and mouse, hamster and guinea pig, rabbit and toad, bird and insect, ape and man, have been joined in various combinations. The experiments, which have been carried out in laboratories around the world—perhaps most notably in those of Henry Harris at Oxford and Frank H. Ruddle at Yale—have given scientists new powers to manipulate and transfer genes, and thus to acquire new understanding of both genetics and evolution (the genetic code is the same throughout nature).

Scientists have also begun to map the human genome—that is, to pinpoint specific genes at sites on specific chromosomes. More than 200 genes have now been mapped, though that still leaves an estimated 50,000 more to go. The investigators have, in addition, gained new insight into how genes are switched on and off, knowledge that could be of critical importance in fields as diverse (and as related!) as cancer, immunology, birth defects, and aging.

IF YOU take cells from two different species and put them together in tissue culture, only a tiny percentage of them will fuse spontaneously. However, there are a number of ways to increase the odds and, at the same time, to accelerate the process. One method, first used by Oxford's pioneering Henry Harris, is to "infect" the culture with inactivated Sendai virus (which when live can cause a mild upper respiratory disease in people). The virus somehow acts as a matchmaker in bringing the disparate cells together in what some would deem unholy wedlock.

As a matter of fact, considering the outcry raised over "recombinant DNA" research, in which foreign genes are spliced into bacteria, I am surprised that no one

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has organized any indignant moral protest at the mingling of human genes (even if provided by cancer cells) with those of lesser creatures. I would have expected repugnance, abhorrence, and a vociferous emotional response, even perhaps denunciations of such experiments as blasphemous. I'm glad that none of this has occurred—reflecting, perhaps, increased public understanding—inasmuch as the research has been so fruitful and promises such benefits. Nevertheless, I am surprised.

Anyway, there now exists a sizable armamentarium of techniques and substances (the most popular being polyethylene glycol, or PEG) to facilitate such unions, and to encourage the resulting hybrids to grow out into viable colonies. Such cells do not proliferate readily without artificial assistance, which is perhaps the main reason there has been relatively little concern about their new presence in the world.

A different kind of surprise: when the cells of a mouse and a human are fused into a hybrid, the number of chromosomes is less than the combined total one would expect. It turns out that the mouse genome —its genetic manual of instructions—remains complete and intact, whereas many of the human genes are sloughed off, apparently in a random fashion. Just the same, *both* sets of genes function simultaneously in the combined genome, and each set dictates the manufacture of its own particular products in the cell. Since the two kinds of products—though they are very similar proteins—can, by ingenious detection techniques, be distinguished from one another, the result has been a windfall for geneticists, one that would require a much longer article than this merely to catalog.

For some time, one of my recurrent futuristic fantasies has been the possible creation of a plant-animal hybrid. The two kinds of cells carry out their energy transformations in entirely different manners. In a plant cell, the cytoplasm (the part of the cell outside the nucleus, where the genes are) contains tiny organelles called "chloroplasts," which serve as the cell's energy machines. They enable the cell, with the proper genetic instructions, to utilize the sun's energy directly, by means of photosynthesis. An animal cell, in its cytoplasm, has a different breed of energy machines, called "mitochondria," which work through oxidative processes, thus requiring a steady supply of food and oxygen. So it's diverting to imagine a creature whose cells might contain, in their cytoplasm, both chloroplasts *and* mitochondria—cells which, on genetic command, could switch from oxidative processes to direct photosynthetic conversion of sunlight into energy. Think of a mobile creature that would not have to remain rooted like a plant, a creature that could eat when food was available yet survive without food for indefinite periods of time. And what kind of food might such a "planimal" (surely as versatile as Al Capp's celebrated "shmoo") provide for the human palate? And what energy resources?

The fusion of plant cells, however, has presented a more difficult challenge. Unlike animal cells, with their easily penetrable and fusable membranes, plant cells are surrounded by true cell walls—rigid boundaries of cellulose. In the early 1960s, however, a group at the University of Nottingham discovered a way to dissolve these walls with certain selected enzymes. Such a wall-less cell was called a "naked protoplast." Once naked protoplasts were created, it became possible to fuse them with one another—a fascinating story in itself.

With the literal breakthrough of the cell-wall barrier, it became feasible to think about trying to fuse the naked protoplasts with animal or human cells. Thus what had been interspecies fusion, already a sufficiently impressive accomplishment, now became what Harold H. Smith and his group at Brookhaven National Laboratory called "interkingdom fusion"—the marriage of two kingdoms, plant and animal. Last year the Brookhaven team successfully fused human tumor cells with tobacco-plant protoplasts—and new cell walls grew around each hybrid. Meanwhile, a group in Hungary achieved a similar fusion of human tumor cells with carrot protoplasts, and the same Nottingham team responsible for dissolving the cell wall was soon fusing yeast protoplasts with the red blood cells of a hen.

In all these cases, the human and animal genes were functioning, alongside the plant genes, in the hybrid nucleus. Though no tobacco plant or carrot would, as a result, begin to sprout a nose or toes, or to recite poetry, the hybrid cells were certainly manufacturing human and animal proteins! In these early experiments, the animal and human cytoplasm has so far seemed to disappear. As a consequence we still do not know if chloroplasts and mitochrondria could survive and function in the same cell—or what would happen if they could. But we have clearly entered a new world of genetic possibilities where biology continues apace with its larger fusion of what were formerly two separate kingdoms—fact and fantasy. ◉

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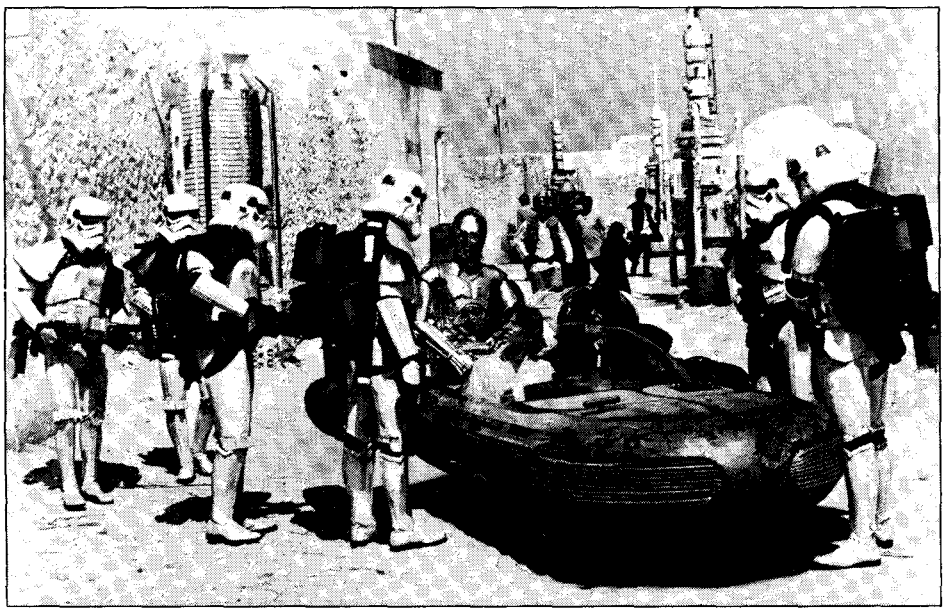
"Feel Good" Film

by Judith Crist



Star Wars—*"Fantasies of a childhood soaked in adventure fictions."*

THE era of the "feel good" movie, launched by *Cousin, Cousine* and *Rocky*, is upon us—with *Star Wars* to offer lavish, glittering, and nostalgic confirmation thereof.

It is fitting that *Star Wars* is the creation of George Lucas, whose last film, in 1973, was that utterly charming re-creation of an adolescent yesterday, *American Graffiti*. This time the thirty-two-year-old writer-director has re-created the fantasies of a childhood soaked in adventure fictions, ranging from the respectability of Camelot and Oz to the trashery of comic strips and Saturday-afternoon serials. The last have provided the format for his chivalric science-fiction tale: he is giving us that very special Saturday when the printed prologue (appropriately moving off screen into the vast beyond) brings us up to date on the rebellion against the evil Galactic Empire and plunks us down into the final series of misadventures that will precede the breathtaking triumph of good over evil and the comforting assurance that the good will flourish happily ever after. Do children of all ages ask for anything more?

Lucas made an intriguing science-fiction 15-minute short as a student at the University of Southern California, won a National Student Film Festival prize with it in 1968, and was given a Warner Bros. contract to expand it to feature length. The result, 1971's *THX 1138*, was a clinical fantasy set in the twenty-fifth century but bearing all the philosophical earmarks of *1984* and the technological sci-fi clichés of 1960s television. But for *Star Wars*, set "a long time ago" in a "galaxy far, far away," his imagination is unbridled, his vision unbound. We are whisked from deserts to teeming cities to the super spaces of a super space station, all inhabited by a vast variety of men and beasts and machines and mutations thereof; we travel through galaxies and touch down at various and new worlds—with infinity and a new experience ever in the offing, so suffused in inventiveness and refreshing conception are the film's creators.

The plot is simply a series of chases, captures, and escapes as the good guys set out to rescue the princess—yes, it is Princess Leia Organa (Carrie Fisher), the sweet-faced, lush-figured, feisty leader of the rebellion, who has fallen into the hands of the vile, führer-like Grand Moff Tarkin (Peter Cushing) and his black knight, Lord Darth Vader (David Prowse behind the armor, given voice by James Earl Jones), aboard their super-Pentagonish space station, *Death Star*. As familiar-but-gussied-up as the villains are the good guys: Luke Skywalker (Mark Hamill), a blond, blue-eyed farm boy and crack pilot recruited by Ben "Obi-Wan" Kenobi (Alec Guinness), a hermit, last of the Jedi Knights, who believed in "the force" (as in "may the force be with you"), a belief that constituted "the old religion"; Han Solo (Harrison Ford), a hotshot pilot and mercenary who proves himself true-blue; Chewbacca, Solo's first mate, a gigantic, monkeylike creature who purrs and growls and bears a striking resemblance to the Cowardly Lion; and two Mutt-and-Jeff-like robots, See Threepio (C3PO), a gold-plated Tin Man programmed for diplomatic missions and therefore British-accented and prissy, and Artoo-Detoo (R2D2), a round little machine stuffed with data and given to chirps and burbles.

There are memorable moments along the way and a simply whiz-bang dazzle of battling spaceships for a climax, with the happy ending all it should be. The joy of it all is that everyone is playing it straight, no bogging down in messages or monoliths on the one hand, no camping it up on the other. It is simply a triumph of creativity and technology by masters thereof, people who very obviously delight in doing what only the medium of film can do in the creation of magic. They are all listed at the end of the film and well deserve the applause you'll find yourself giving them—before you exit with that satisfied Saturday-afternoon-at-the-movies smile that feels so good.

A LACK of feeling—more specifically, a lack of viewpoint—appears to be the hallmark of *MacArthur*, a 137-minute retracing of the general's career during and after World War II that seems tailored for television, so antiseptic and episodic are its tone and form. There is something surprisingly old-fashioned about this Richard D. Zanuck–David Brown production, not only in its multimillion-dollar recreation of recorded history on a Hollywood back lot but also in its noncommittal but reverential approach to the admittedly controversial figure of Douglas MacArthur. So surface-plain and familiar is the character created by the Hal Barwood–Matthew Robbins screenplay and em-

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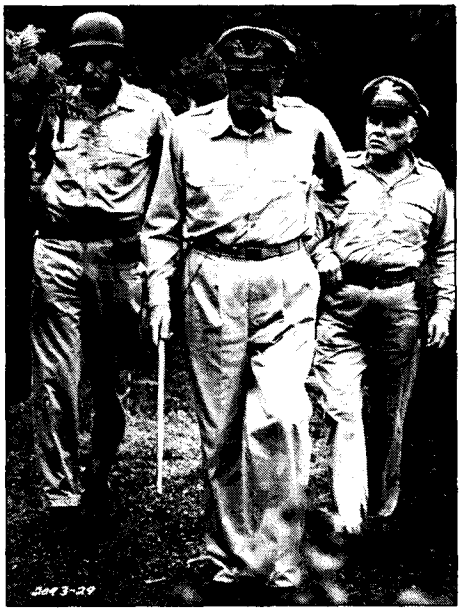
bodied by Gregory Peck that a textbook tone dominates the screen—with no classroom discussion to follow. And this is surprising, since the film's producer, Frank McCarthy, was also responsible for *Patton*, which gave us so clear an understanding of that warrior. McCarthy himself points out that, like Patton, MacArthur was "complex," but "on a much broader scale," both in his military responsibilities and in his political ambitions. But this broader theme—of the application of the "fascism" of warfare to civilian life—is ignored.

Framed in a 1962 visit MacArthur paid to West Point at the age of eighty-two, at which he spoke of dedication to "duty, honor, and country," the movie begins in 1942, with the Americans' last stand in Corregidor and MacArthur's enforced departure to Australia before Corregidor's surrender. It follows his conflicts with Roosevelt, his successful strategy in the Pacific, his return to the Philippines, his elevation to five-star General of the Army and later to Supreme Commander of the Pacific. The pace, fortunately, quickens with the surrender of Japan and a detailing of MacArthur's conduct of the occupation, in the course of which he instituted remarkable reforms. "Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, failed with conquered countries," he noted, by being too harsh. "I shall not." Meanwhile, there is also his defeat as an absentee candidate in the presidential primary in Wisconsin in 1948. Before long comes what he called "one last gift to an old warrior"—the Korean War. And in the course of this campaign, MacArthur's defiance of President Truman in dealing with Chiang Kai-shek, his underestimation of the North Korean forces, and finally his challenge to the Chinese in contradiction of presidential orders lead to his being relieved of his command. Then we have the hero's welcome he receives on his return to this country, his "old soldiers never die" speech before Congress, and, finally, his farewell to West Point. And somehow it is the Presidents who fade away rather than the general who believed that military men owe their loyalty to "the Constitution and the country" and not to "a temporary occupant of the White House."

With the all too recent Singlaub affair fresh in our minds, we do indeed expect a deeper analysis both of the position of the military in our society and of the men who rule the military. Peck does bear a remarkable physical resemblance to MacArthur, but the resemblance is not revelatory of the man within. We are given



Gregory Peck in MacArthur*—Surface-plain and familiar.'"*

only the wit and wisecracks of Roosevelt (well portrayed by Dan O'Herlihy) and Truman (superbly impersonated by Ed Flanders) to attest to his arrogance and ambition; Peck is given a moment or two with his wife and son to attest to his humanity; and his dealings with subordinates, press attachés, and civilians attest to his military skills and his conceits. Passing references to his revered father and his beloved mother tell us little; there is no hint of the early life of the man who fought, without presidential orders, against the Bonus Marchers in Washington, whose first marriage was broken, who chose to be an expatriate between wars. A biography that begins when its subject is sixty lacks roots.

One cannot quarrel with the re-creation of locales; even the slight rearrangement of place and time for dramatic effect is acceptable. And certainly the story, overly detailed at the outset but developing a brisk urgency under Joseph Sargent's direction, is filled with personalities and matters of interest. The pity is that we learn nothing new and are offered no insight. Perhaps in the case of Douglas MacArthur, all that he was was always apparent.

In contrast, a "small" movie clothed in nostalgia emerges as one of bristling topicality. Charles Gary Allison's *Fraternity Row*, a personal and remarkably acute recall of fraternity and sorority life in the Fifties, is a serious, somehow affectionate, and yet intelligently objective view of a system that is undergoing a phenomenal revitalization on campuses today.

The background of the film is as interesting as the movie itself. Allison, a 1960 graduate in international relations, returned to USC in 1974 for a doctoral degree, deciding to do his dissertation on the problems of producing a feature film. He found neither existent data nor producers willing to let him gather some through observation, and he decided to do it himself. He wrote the script, based on a personal experience; gathered a staff among his fellow students, and then a cast and crew; and proceeded to "beg, borrow, and barter" equipment and financing. The leading roles were given to professionals; professionals in the industry were generous with advice; and "professional" books were kept, with chits proffered as paychecks to be redeemed if the film were ever sold for distribution. It has been—and is without doubt one of the most interesting dissertations to appear on screen.

Allison's *Fraternity Row* is set on a Pennsylvania campus in 1954, where 13 freshmen are the pledges of Gamma Nu Pi. The pledgemaster, Rodger, is determined to break with the traditional degradation of hazing. His conflict with Chunk, the macho bully who opposes change, is the dramatic plot line. More important is the relationship between Rodger and Zac, president of the pledges and a fellow journalism major. Zac is an idealist and in Rodger's view "a dreamer," reluctant to face the realities of fraternity life. For counterpoint, there are the boys' involvements with the girls of Kappa Delta Alpha, the sister sorority to whom they are related by "inbreeding and politics." The two groups, best of the Greeks, house the "inviolate, immaculate, and insensitive" children of WASP wealth.

As interrelationships develop amid the rituals of the fraternity, both Zac and his Kappa girl begin to question the system and whether one fights for change from within or without. Zac's choice leads to a shocking and powerful conclusion.

Cliff Robertson as Rodger grown up provides the framework of memory with narration. Peter Fox and Gregory Harrison are faultless as Rodger and Zac; Scott Newman, Paul's son, is satisfyingly repulsive as Chunk; Wendy Phillips is excellent as the sorority queen to whom Rodger feels "nailed" rather than "pinned"; Nancy Morgan is warmhearted and attractive, albeit bothersomely anachronistic, as Zac's outspoken girl friend; and Robert Emhardt is deeply moving as an old grad who clings to the fraternity for social sustenance. The film has the glossy look of a Fifties movie, but thanks to Allison's aegis and intelligence, it has something of importance to say to the Seventies. ◉

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Dance

Spoleto U.S.A.: A World Celebration

by Walter Terry

Charleston, S.C.

"THE city never had it so good," wrote Barbara S. Williams, assistant managing editor of *The News and Courier–Charleston Evening Post.* And she went on to say that Gian Carlo Menotti's Spoleto Festival U.S.A. 1977 has achieved for Charleston a national focus comparable only to the attention it had previously received "in times of such tragedy as war, hurricanes, and the great fire of 1861." This old (founded in 1670) American city of 70,000 was fearful when plans for the festival were first deliberated that another tragedy might strike Charleston. "We thought it might be like one of those awful rock festivals," a senior Charlestonian confided. "But it wasn't. It's been lovely!"

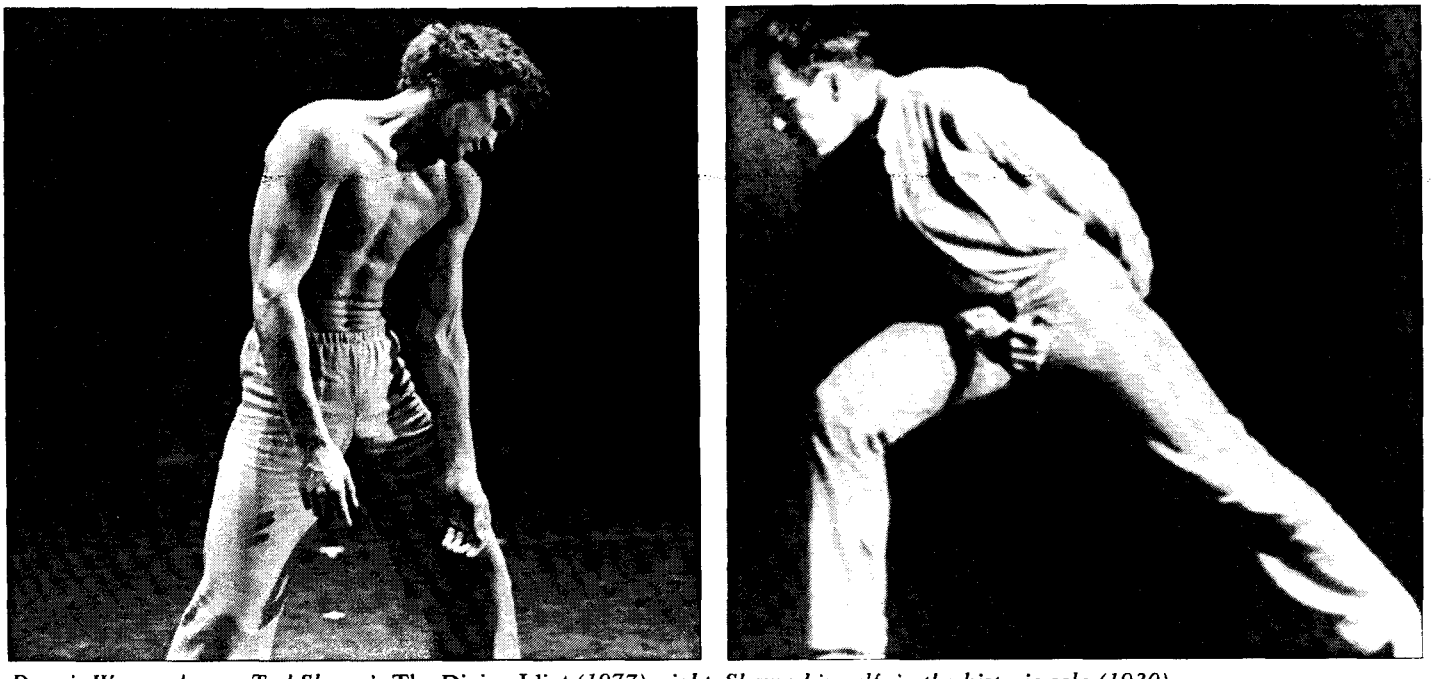
Spoleto, the ancient (seventh century B.C.) hill town 70 miles north of Rome where Menotti, the composer, launched his Festival of Two Worlds in 1958, had been equally worried at the start. But no more. In both cities—for Menotti had all along dreamed that his festival would be celebrated in both the Old and the New worlds—the arts have proved their unifying force. Now Charlestonians have loved the dancers performing by the light of a full moon on the campus of the old College of Charleston, exuberantly doing dances of varied ethnic origins in mini-festivals or simply stepping lightly on the cobbled streets outside venerable houses of rainbow hues. It was nothing like a war, a hurricane, or a fire. "This festival united Charlestonians as nothing else has ever done," I heard from many lips. And Charlestonians supported the festival by buying an estimated 70 to 85 percent of the $400,000 worth of tickets sold, the rest going to arts enthusiasts who converged on the scene by plane, car, and even camper.

A good many of those tickets were purchased for dance events. True, the chamber music concerts codirected by Charles Wadsworth and Peter Serkin for the 480-seat Dock Street Theatre constituted the hottest ticket at the festival, but the Eliot Feld Ballet did tremendous business as well, to rave reviews and popular acclaim, at the 3,000-seat Gaillard Auditorium. And it was at the Gaillard for the Scriabin Dance Gala, conceived, produced, and directed by Joseph Wishy, that audiences for both matinee and evening performances rose from their seats to give roaring ovations to a dancer and prima ballerina (not prima donna): to Cuba's and America's almost legendary Alicia Alonso.

Maestro Menotti, composer of such popular operas as *The Consul*, *The Medium*, and *Amahl and the Night Visitors* (a television classic), has long been an ardent promoter of dance. He has, of course, composed for choreographers, among them Martha Graham (*Errand into the Maze*), but he has also fostered dance directly, beginning with the very first Festival dei Due Mondi in Spoleto, where major events were provided by Jerome Robbins's Ballets: U.S.A., in its debut, and the John Butler Dance Theater.

For the first American Spoleto Festival, dance events included not only the star-studded Scriabin Dance Gala and performances by the Eliot Feld Ballet but also three programs by the utterly delightful Ohio Ballet, performing alfresco on a stage built over an ancient cistern and with the columns of the College of Charleston's oldest building as a setting. Other dance highlights included mini-festivals in various sections of town, with Carolina low-country, Greek, Scottish, and Jewish dances a part of the little ethnic celebrations; the Charleston Ballet in the shepherd's scene from Act II of the Tchaikovsky opera *The Queen of Spades*, doing an unpretentious but apt and lively dance choreographed by Robert Ivey, co-

William Struhs



Dennis Wayne dances Ted Shawn's The Divine Idiot *(1977); right, Shawn himself, in the historic solo (1930).*

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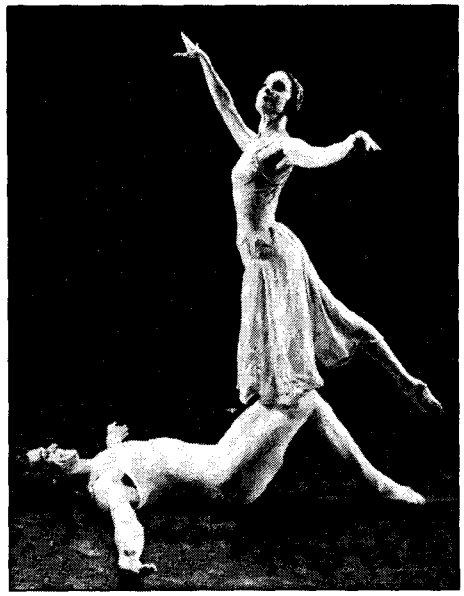
director of the local ballet troupe; voodoo dance rites, with drums, in a play, *Black Medea*; and, for Menotti's *The Consul*, fragments of dance fantasy and that slow, remorseless walk of the doomed, dance sequences originally staged by Butler.

Spoleto Festival U.S.A. 1977 featured 12 days of dance, music, drama, fireworks, and art exhibits (the last including the fabulous Serge Lifar Collection of Drawings for the Theater, sculpture, giant puppets, photographs, and Charleston's very own pictorial splendors). For balletomanes, however, the festival reached its peak on Scriabin Day (June 4). The Russian composer was celebrated through chamber music, piano recitals, and dances set to his music.

Miss Alonso, assisted by Jorge Esquivel, appeared in the world premiere of *Song for the Strange Flower*, choreographed by Cuba's brilliant, award-winning (International Ballet Competition, Varna, 1976) Alberto Mendez. The fifty-five-year-old *prima ballerina assoluta*, U.S.-trained, long a star of the American Ballet Theatre (she is scheduled to dance *Giselle* with the company on September 29 at the Metropolitan Opera House) and founder-director of the Ballet Nacional de Cuba, retains the virtuosity of youth more than any other dancer of her age level. Near-blindness, an almost lifelong affliction, has left her as undaunted as has the passage of time. Here in Charleston, in the stunning new pas de deux, her legs swept high and free, her balances on pointe were effortless, and her jetés en tournant (leaps customarily suffer first with advancing years) were light and indisputably aerial. Her familiar Latin passion and her dramatic intensity gave both glow and fire to this romantic duet.

THE Scriabin Gala's other novelties included a marvelously inventive and dramatically effective *Preludes to an Affair*, consisting of tender or violent, innocent or sophisticated approaches to amorous dalliances, choreographed by Robert North, a Carolinian associated with the London Contemporary Dance Theater, and danced expertly by him and by the Royal Ballet's wondrous actress-dancer Lynn Seymour. George Balanchine created an untitled, tasteful trifle for his own Patricia McBride and Jean-Pierre Bonnefous of the New York City Ballet, and swift and evanescent though it was, it proved as lovely and as refreshing as an unseen zephyr. Mme. et M. Bonnefous danced it superbly.

Lar Lubovitch, in his new solo for



William Struhs

Alicia Alonso, with Jorge Esquivel, in a Cuban world premiere for Spoleto U.S.A.

Martine van Hamel, *Etudes*, really did justice to the American Ballet Theatre dancer, so often miscast in delicate, classical roles. He used her bigness and her strength to fine effect, for she came on with something of the thrust, the heroic stance, of the late modern dance star Helen Tamiris.

Glen Tetley's *Nocturne* was splendidly danced by the American Ballet Theatre's Carla Fracci (also of La Scala) and Charles Ward and costumed by Willa Kim. It is a demanding work of choreography in the Tetley style, which too often mistakes contortion for distortion and offers movement contrivances in lieu of movement inventions. Anna Sokolow's group work *Poem* also had its uncomfortable moments, but for the most part this premiere of a work inspired by both Scriabin the composer and Scriabin the poet ("Ecstasy" is the poem) was a striking choreographic comment on relationships, aloneness, fear, jubilance.

The dance past was celebrated, too. Annabelle Gamson offered two solos (1922) based on Isadora Duncan's Soviet experiences. Here was not the Duncan of Greek draperies, of the skip and the song of joy, but Duncan the woman, angry with mankind's lot, concerned and militant. Miss Gamson was brilliant in this evocation of an American dance pioneer of an earlier era. Equally powerful was Dennis Wayne in his restatement of a danced sermon by another pioneer, Ted Shawn. Directed by Barton Mumaw (one-time principal dancer with Ted Shawn and his companies), Wayne performed *The Divine Idiot* (suggested by Plato's allegory of "The Shadow Watchers") with characteristic Shawn virility, muscle attack, and dramatic dynamism. The same year (1930) that Shawn created his then controversial solo, Ninette de Valois, soon to become the guiding spirit of Britain's national ballet, created a bit of delicious art-deco trivia called *Pride* in which a girl prances and preens as a peacock. Maina Gielgud danced it, and ever so stylishly, for Spoleto U.S.A.

The dazzling pianist for most of the Scriabin Dance Gala was Boris Block (with Justin Blasdale as the excellent accompanist for the Sokolow and Lubovitch works), and the superb lighting (Broadway never had it better) was by Thomas Skelton, who is, of course, a lighting wizard. Skelton also lit the outdoor performances of the Ohio Ballet (of which he is an associate director) exquisitely, so much so that the less-than-ideal sight lines of a courtyard were turned into those of a theater and a mosquito or two seemed negligible. The Ohio Ballet, directed by Heinz Poll, also its chief choreographer, would take your mind off most discomfort. It is a lovely, lovely company.

Poll's choreography was most rewarding, at least what I saw of it. *Adagio for Two Dancers* (Albinoni), *Schubert Waltzes* (a pas de six), and *Summer Night* (Chopin) were perfect for a moonlight-and-magnolia evening. Paul Taylor's *Aureole* (Handel), by now a worldwide favorite of both modern and ballet groups, was admirably danced, and as for Ruthanna Boris's exuberant *Cakewalk*, it never looked so good before. It had come home to the South, it was danced as a great big party, and everyone involved deserved a cake.

But then cakes, bouquets, toasts, and ovations are due to Maestro Menotti and all of his associates, including the citizens of Charleston, for bringing Spoleto to America. (It will return next year.)

No matter what the art form, Spoleto Festival U.S.A. worked its magic. Elizabeth O'Neill Verner, Charleston's most famous artist-illustrator, knew it would. She watched it from her vantage point of ninety-four years, but she had predicted it long ago when she wrote: "A work of art must do more than talk; it must sing. It must do more than walk; it must dance."

And the unifying power of art, the possibility of a world without boundaries, could not have been expressed better than it was by a sign placed on a wrought iron gate outside a pocket park for the Jewish arts mini-festival day. It said succinctly: SHALOM Y'ALL. ◉

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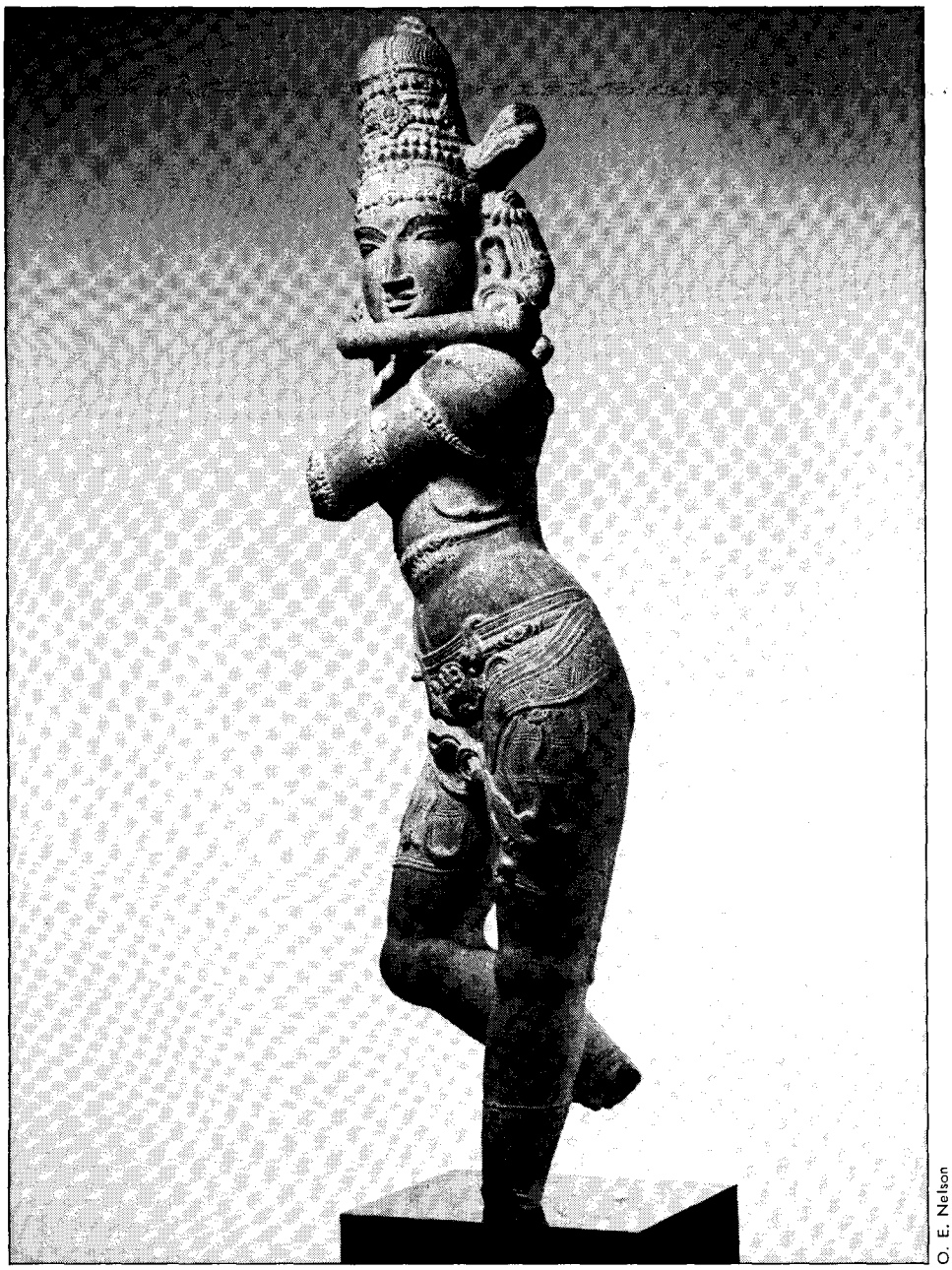
Fine Arts

The Greening of a Collector



O. E. Nelson

"Krishna Playing the Flute," twelfth-century Indian stone carving.

by Katharine Kuh

ALICE KAPLAN is at once a distinguished art collector and a maverick who follows her own way with single-minded independence. She knows what she wants; more important, she knows what she doesn't want. Her home is not crowded with a galaxy of currently fashionable objects. Some of the pieces that are now in wide demand were virtually unknown until she began tracking them down. "Only within the last eight to ten years," she says, "have I consciously thought of the works in my home as a collection." Nonetheless, very few important exhibitions these days fail to include a painting or sculpture from the Kaplan collection.

Mrs. Kaplan has acquired only those objects she can comfortably keep on view either in a summer place or in a New York apartment, where the finest works are housed. With the exception of a few contemporary pieces, there is scarcely a painting, drawing, or sculpture that is not unique, both in quality and rarity. By slowly eliminating and trading, she has refined the collection into a composite work of art. "It isn't quantity I want," she told me. "I don't accumulate objects to keep in closets. I have only so much room in our home, and it *is* our home—not a gallery. If I acquire something exceptional, we often dispose of a similar piece of lesser quality. Sometimes we trade. At present, we're down to rock bottom." Despite "rock bottom," she will not, I would guess, give up the sport of looking and finding. If wall space is the problem, perhaps certain of her twentieth-century works, which seemed to me more pleasing than significant, could be sacrificed.

As a young girl, Alice Kaplan studied painting for two years at the Art Students League; she also worked briefly with Cecilia Beaux, the portraitist, and with the painter Robert Henri, shortly before he died. Subsequently she married Jacob M. Kaplan, a successful businessman, and raised four children. In 1958, when the children were on their own, she returned to Columbia University to finish the undergraduate studies that had been interrupted by her marriage—an act of courage, since she was then approaching her middle fifties. Later, while working for a master's degree in art history, she began buying occasional drawings and paintings related to the courses she was taking.

For example, she acquired "Moonlight," an obsessed, luminous landscape by Ralph Blakelock, when she was studying nineteenth- and twentieth-century American painting. About the same time, she stumbled on a canvas by a little-known artist, John Brewster, Jr., and had the good sense to buy it. "The Portrait of Sarah Prince" has since taken its place as a highlight of her collection. This touchingly pure composition, with its tender handling of white pigment, was painted by the deaf-mute itinerant artist, who was born in 1766. His work is rarely encountered; there has been only one comprehensive exhibition of it.

The best way to learn about art is to study and buy it. Alice Kaplan was doing

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both. Most students are not so fortunate. From the beginning, she had an intuitive eye, a sense of adventure, and a strong emotional involvement. "I've never really gone out to look for a specific work of art. When I fall in love with an object—that's it," she says. Oblivious to what is "out" or "in," she is open to any work that moves her.

At first, she was chiefly attracted to drawings, which are, after all, the backbone, the source, of all other art forms. A breathtaking wall of drawings is appropriately the first sight to greet a visitor entering her apartment. Merely to list the artists included there does not do the works justice, for in almost every case, the drawings, whether atypical or representative, are linear masterpieces. And though these drawings by Ingres, Degas, Redon, the two Tiepolos, Prendergast, and that wayward Englishman Edward Lear are unrelated, they live together happily because of their combined excellence. Outshining all other works on the wall is "Christ Calling the Fishermen" by Gianbattista Tiepolo, a small drawing, yet so powerful and in such mint condition that it assumes heroic proportions. For me, the only intruder on the wall is a Käthe Kollwitz—too obvious, too sentimental for its neighbors.

On another wall in the entrance hall hang drawings and watercolors by Egon Schiele, each flowering in marvelous decadence like an erotic plant. And still more —a Maya head of stucco, probably influenced by the sculpture of Copán. All these objects have been sensitively installed so that each has its own ambience. Nothing obtrudes, nothing suggests a museum; this is a home, in which almost every piece, nevertheless, is of top museum quality.

Some years ago at a private dealer's gallery I was hypnotized by an Indian carving of "Krishna Playing the Flute." The twelfth-century figure had the taut elegance and interior containment associated with the best sculpture from southern India. The granite deity reflects the same fluent contours that distinguish that region's consummate bronze work—no little accomplishment when conceived in unyielding stone. I returned to the gallery for another look a few days later, but the piece was gone —sold. I happily rediscovered it at a party in the Kaplans' apartment, where it dominates one end of a living room so studded with stars that anything short of excellence seems almost shoddy. Across from the Krishna stands a Cambodian carving of the goddess Uma. To find two works of such utter refinement in the same room is a rare experience. The Cambodian figure, a combination of immobility and nobility, has the smiling serenity that envelops so much of Khmer sculpture and that suggested a kind of Mona Lisa mystery long before that lady's name became a household word.

To extol each object in the Kaplan collection is not my intention, but certain works are too important to bypass. Take, for instance, an African terra-cotta head from the Ife kingdom—a small, striated sculpture made in the thirteenth century or possibly earlier. Only one other work of art from this civilization can be found in America, a piece on long-term loan to the Brooklyn Museum. Mrs. Kaplan's Nigerian artifact, which is so modest that it could easily be overlooked, represents the most sophisticated aspect of black African culture and provides a clue to her taste. The art with which she surrounds herself is never violent, brutal, or intrusive. Even when she buys Aztec sculpture, which can be bloodcurdling, she selects that society's most urbane expression, as evidenced by a chaste terra-cotta head of a deity.

She has a special eye for rarity, too—for the unusual, the offbeat, the hard-to-find, all of which, of course, are the hallmarks of a persevering collector. When she acquired a still life by the nineteenth-century American trompe l'oeil painter William Harnett, she chose a peerless tour de force, a super-realistic canvas of a letter rack. (Only two by this artist are known; the other is in the Metropolitan Museum.) Called "Mr. Hulings's Rack Picture" and dated 1888, the canvas was lost for some years, but in 1969 it showed up unexpectedly at auction, and Mrs. Kaplan wasted no time. Distinguished by a hard brilliance, the still life is concerned with a reality that defies its origins. The eye *is* fooled; it refuses to recognize that paint and brush could produce such total simulation. Another rarity in Mrs. Kaplan's collection is an extremely large, almost intact Peruvian textile of stylized monkeys. The important word here is "intact." Even authentic fragments of Peruvian weavings are hard to come by; to see this hieratic one with only minor details missing is an unsurpassed event.

Alice Kaplan bought the first of seven paintings by Ammi Phillips (two have since been traded) in 1959, before this American portraitist, born in New England in 1788, had been identified. "I knew very little about American folk art at that time, and certainly nothing about Ammi Phillips. I just liked the painting and so I bought it," she once explained. "Portrait of a Woman in Black" is Ammi Phillips at his best—introspective, honest, and a master of design. His sitters look out on the world with steady gaze. Often slightly conventionalized, these folk portraits are among the most incisive that American art has produced. Though Ammi Phillips was unknown in 1959, some 300 to 400 works are now traced to him, and, not surprisingly, his prices have soared dramatically.

Three years ago Mrs. Kaplan received a letter from Catskill, New York. Included was a small snapshot of a portrait that had been in the writer's family for three generations. Mrs. Kaplan discovered that the rug in the painting had a pattern identical to that of a rug in one of her canvases by Phillips. In addition, the two works were stylistically similar. Off she went to Catskill. Her hunch was right, and after a bit of negotiating, the portrait came home with her. "Blond Boy with Primer, Peach, Book, and Dog" has been accepted as an important member of Phillips's pantheon. The young sitter may very well be a relative of the mother and child in Mrs. Kaplan's other painting.

Another sleuthing expedition also ended in triumph. Poking around in a second-hand store on Third Avenue (where only the cognoscenti are apt to unearth works of value), Alice Kaplan saw a framed drawing on the floor. "It rang a bell," she said, "but I couldn't quite decide why." She liked it, bought it for less than $500, and began a thorough study of it. Estimating its date and style as Neoclassic, she searched through appropriate master drawing catalogs in her library and finally found a subsequent sketch of the same subject (in the Albertina, Vienna). The artist? None other than France's incomparable Jacques Louis David. Again her hunch and her knowledge paid off; the attribution has been confirmed by scholars.

Alice Kaplan's world has been enriched by her activities as a collector, not alone because she lives with extraordinary works of art but because the pursuit of them has been both creative and absorbing. There are, after all, collectors and collectors. Some depend totally on the advice of experts; others are avid to be "with it," to buy only what's "in." Very few prepare themselves by serious graduate study; very few limit themselves to those acquisitions that can be lived with graciously and yet enjoyed in depth. Still fewer allow themselves the exhilarating freedom of ranging over the entire history of art to select definitive works by both unknown and celebrated names. ◉

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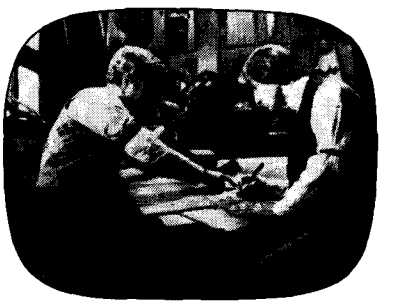

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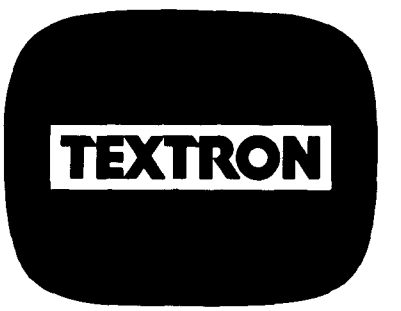

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Recordings

New and Unusual

INSTRUMENTAL

Bach: *Fourteen Canons*; **Reger:** Sonata (Op. 107) (Marlboro). Something new by J. S. Bach? That "statistical impossibility" was contradicted in 1975 by the discovery of a manuscript in which the cantor of the Thomasschule in Leipzig used the opening phrase of Bach's famous "Goldberg Variations" to work out 14 *more* canons. No mode of performance was specified, but the strings and winds used by an ensemble of 20 at the Marlboro Music Festival were persuasive. The degree of persuasion would have been heightened had the group shared the fervor with which Rudolf Serkin, at the piano, performs the whole "aria" before and after the canons. He also adds much to the performance, with clarinetist David Singer, of a sonata by Max Reger. This duo shares the Brahmsian qualities of Reger's quintet for clarinet and strings.

Mozart: Concertos No. 1 in G (K. 313) and No. 2 in D (K. 314) (RCA). James Galway may not have Jean-Pierre Rampal's facility on flute—who has?—but he does have something no less distinctive: an instinct for the music of Mozart that gives his playing a line, clarity, and discipline quite his own. A native of Belfast, Northern Ireland, Galway has earned his way to a solo career after service in several orchestras (including the Berlin Philharmonic). He powers his phrases with an unlimited supply of breath, with which he controls the sound like a violinist with a great right arm. Conductor Rudolf Baumgartner is the compatible collaborator.

Schubert: Sonata in G (D. 894) (Seraphim). This debut recording by Christian Zacharias begins with something indispensable to the player of a major keyboard work by Franz Schubert: a singing piano sound that carries forward the lyric impulse that motivated the composer. Sensible musicality and artistic insight, in addition, put Zacharias, now in his late twenties, well above the better-than-average performer with a comparable record of success in competitions.

Surinach: Piano Concerto; **Montsalvatge:** Concerto Breve (London). Alicia de Larrocha's concern for the well-being of her compositional colleagues of Spanish birth would have earned her greater honor had the chosen works more substance. My preference is for Xavier Montsalvatge's composition, brief though it is. His musical point of view has more individuality than Carlos Surinach's carefully crafted score. Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducts the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.

Alicia de Larrocha—"Concern for the well-being of her colleagues."

Telemann: Concerto in D, Partita No. 2, others (RCA). The smiling faces of Jean-Pierre Rampal and Maurice André on the jacket of this disc give promise of at least one work in which the two would be heard together. Instead, André's mastery of the baroque trumpet is heard in only one concerto; Rampal's phenomenal fluting is heard in three sonatas; and the other two pieces present the recorder of Mario Duschenes. All are marked by the detail and discipline that, taken together, spell the name Georg Philipp Telemann. This splendid ensemble also includes Pierre Pierlot, oboe, and Robert Veyron-Lacroix, harpsichord.

OPERA

Rimsky-Korsakov: *May Night* (DG). This is only the second in the sequence of Rimsky's 15 operas, which culminated in the great *Le Coq d'Or*. Consequently its treatment of material derived from Nikolai Gogol's stories of Ukrainian life tends to look backward to the example of Glinka rather than ahead in the direction of Rimsky's own. The outcome is, nevertheless, a precious addition to the lore of Russian opera on records—melodious and coloristic, alive with the orchestral magic readily at Rimsky's command. Of special note is the singing of Konstantin Lisovsky (Levko), who has a tenor voice to rival that of the already celebrated Vladimir Atlantov (*SR*, August 9, 1975). Ljudmilla Sapegina, who plays Hanna, Levko's love interest, is also first-rate, and the other members of the cast, directed by Vladimir Fedoseyev of the Moscow Radio, all suit their requirements. The sound is excellent.

Weber: *Die Drei Pintos* (RCA). Had there not been, in the Leipzig of the late 1880s, a twenty-six-year-old conductor-composer named Gustav Mahler who had sufficient interest and skill to complete a project left unfinished by Carl Maria von Weber 60 years before, it is doubtful that there would be, today, a *Drei Pintos* in playable form. That would indeed be a deprivation, for the work touches the careers of not one but two major composers and provides such excellent performers as Lucia Popp (Clarissa), Werner Hollweg (Don Gaston de Viratos), Hermann Prey (Ambrosio), and Jeanette Scovotti (Inez) with the opportunity to match their talents to those of conductor Gary Bertini and the Munich Philharmonic.

VOCAL

Claudia Muzio: Arias and songs by Bachelet, Tchaikovsky, Verdi, Catalani, Giordano (Odyssey). This second collection of material, originally recorded on the Edison label, adds depth and dimension to the lasting esteem for Claudia Muzio, who was less than fifty when she died in 1936. Sound and sentiment are beautifully combined in 12 examples of vocal art. Nevertheless, it is certainly an exaggeration to describe the soprano, as Robert Jacobson does in his commentary, as possessing "qualities given to few, and in the history of the twentieth century only to singers such as Calvé, Muzio, Callas, and Scotto." He also identifies one vocal item beautifully sung by Muzio as a Chopin song "popularly known as 'The Maiden's Wish.' " There is, of course, such a song; but what I hear is a vocal version of the famous E flat Nocturne.

Sylvia Sass: Arias of Puccini and Verdi (London). The unfortunate association of London records with two abbreviated—because they were overexploited—careers

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(those of Anita Cerquetti and Elena Souliotis) may be extended to three before the twenty-six-year-old Sass reaches thirty. Rather than proceeding along the lines of her aptitude for Violetta in *La Traviata* (*SR*, September 4, 1976), she includes, in her Verdi of this disc, "Ritorna vincitor" from *Aida* and the "Sleepwalking Scene" from *Macbeth*. Her fancy in Puccini runs to "In questa Reggia" from *Turandot*. All, palpably, are beyond her dynamic range or dramatic compass, strained, edgy, and unpleasant to hear. The London Symphony directed by Lamberto Gardelli participates in this exercise in excess.

MISCELLANEOUS

Gershwin: *Porgy and Bess* (RCA). Realistically speaking, this is the first truly integral *Porgy* ever: a total version, performed by such fine singers as Clamma Dale (Bess), Donnie Ray Albert (Porgy), Andrew Smith (Crown), and Wilma Shakesnider (Serena), who, as part of the current Houston Grand Opera production, have also performed *Porgy* extensively in the theater, coast to coast. John DeMain is the able conductor.

Warren Vaché: *First Time Out* (Monmouth Evergreen). A new master of the cornet, Vaché combines an old point of view with a young body in a dozen performances equally divided between the stylish guitar of Bucky Pizzarelli and a sextet that includes the redoubtable Connie Kay on drums. Good tunes, well rephrased.

Teddy Wilson: *Statements and Improvisations* (The Smithsonian Collection). A dozen of the greatest tracks recorded between 1934 and 1942 have been brought together under the fluent fingers of the peerless pianist Teddy Wilson. Honorable participants include Red Norvo, xylophone; vocalists Mildred Bailey and Billie Holiday; saxists Benny Carter and Johnny Hodges; and trumpeter Roy Eldridge.

—I.K.

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 126

(Kai T.) Erikson:
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Theater

Chekhov in Brooklyn

by Gordon Rogoff

Two cheers, but not three, for the BAM Theatre Company, which recently completed its first season at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. The company initially presented a brief run of *The New York Idea*, a comedy written in 1906 by Langdon Mitchell for Minnie Maddern Fiske. Next came an equally brief run of Chekhov's *The Three Sisters*. Both productions were directed by Frank Dunlop, an English director experienced in the mysteries of classical repertory: he was a director with Olivier's National Theatre in London and founded the Young Vic Company. But despite Dunlop's impressive credentials, it was his failure to strike the right note with *The Three Sisters* that in the end made one of the evenings less than successful.

This is a pity, especially so because many of the BAM actors are able, likable, and familiar, and one—Ellen Burstyn—is actually famous. If the group seemed arbitrarily assembled, it was because the actors may have assembled themselves. Four members of the company—Rosemary Harris, Denholm Elliott, Rene Auberjonois, and Austin Pendleton—have reputations for appearing in classy productions of intelligent plays, but the others came to Brooklyn in flight, however temporary, from their film and television careers. A gathering of this kind is more common in London, where it is easier for the actor to dig for movie gold during the day while probing for stage art at night. Against the usual American odds, then, these actors chose to be together for a time.

On the evidence of the two productions, Dunlop is a director who shared with his company some sober virtues: a sense of proportion, a fundamental cheerfulness, and a sensible reluctance to decorate a text with bookish or flashy concepts. His stage bustled with energy. Actors made their entrances as they made their exits, with speed and determination. Many of them seemed to savor the stress and rhythms that can be brought to carefully wrought phrases, and if they were too often as loud as ringmasters in the circus, it was never in the service of a demand for attention or a vulgar idea.

Martha Swope

Ellen Burstyn in The Three Sisters—*"Like a hardened midwestern librarian."*

Such virtues, however, contain their own flaws. Mitchell's clean little farce about the horsey set in New York, "bounded on the north, east, and west by the state of Divorce," does not pretend to take place in the realm inhabited by Chekhov's provincial Prozoroff family, bounded on all sides by paralyzed will and an elusive Moscow. The four long scenes of Mitchell's comedy race through several hours over a two-year period in the frenetically driven lives of the divorced Phillimores and Karslakes. The former Mrs. Karslake is planning to marry the boring Mr. Phillimore, while the former Mrs. Phillimore is scrambling for an eligible husband—*any* eligible husband. By the end, the Karslakes discover that they were never legally divorced at all and are delighted with the news, and Mrs. Phillimore has consented to take the hand of a horsey British knight.

The four long acts of Chekhov's drama have an entirely different tempo: four exhausting years pass in the lives of people who are complicated, quietly desperate, and driven only into themselves. Unlike routine playwrights such as Mitchell, Chekhov doesn't push his people through the standard manipulations of a standard plot. Yet the BAM company's verve, charm, and uncomplicated temperance were lavished on both plays as if the worlds they contained were entirely the same.

What you get from Mitchell is what you see on the stage. What you get from Chekhov is what, or whom, you *don't* see onstage: for example, you feel the presence of, but never see, the father of Olga, Masha, Irina, and Andrei (the three sisters and their brother), who has died the year before the play begins. The same holds for Protopopoff, the offstage lover of Andrei's wife, Natasha; for the offstage fire that brings everybody together in Olga and Irina's shared attic bedroom during the third act; for the offstage duel in which Solyony kills Irina's fiancé, Tusenbach; and for the offstage band that plays the farewell march of the soldiers who are leaving the sisters behind. The onstage events, therefore, need to be phrased spaciously; with lightness and grace, surely, but never, as in this production, without resonance. In four years, people get older, whatever they may protest about themselves. The changes must be visible and felt, not merely in cosmetics and clothes, but in the way bodies move, sit, or lie down.

The absence of a vulgar idea, which I've applauded above, is one thing. The absence of any guiding idea at all is quite another. Chekhov's plays are musical, but not in a *verismo* operatic mode. Their origins are choral and contrapuntal. The experiences and observations of each character act as surreptitious comments on the behavior of the others. Truth emerges indirectly.

These indirect exchanges are the source of the drama's real energy, much more so than the direct, head-on collisions of one warring temperament with another. Anybody—well, almost anybody—can write scenes of direct confrontation. Chekhov was the first to make the clash of voices, heard and overheard, as real as it is in daily experience. For the stage, his reality was as charged and fresh as the reality examined by the cubists in painting. Dunlop's relentless pressure to get on with the words left no room for the antiphonies and echoes.

Yet the BAM company is an immensely talented group that might someday find a way to live in Chekhov's houses; or in Ibsen's cloistered, frozen rooms; or indeed in any of the imaginary places described by great playwrights. Rene Auberjonois and Rosemary Harris, for example, found in-

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dividuality and detail in both plays, despite the light-headedness of their director. As the horsiest of the husbands in *The New York Idea*, trying frantically to hide the giddy, romantic love he still feels for his divorced wife, Auberjonois was like a shirt that has been laundered and starched but is coming apart at the seams. His real emotions kept spilling through the fabric. As the brooding Solyony in *The Three Sisters*, sharing embittered, brutalized remarks with the splendidly fatuous, sputtering Tusenbach of Austin Pendleton, he seemed to lean languidly on pillars as he leaned on words, the commander of his hands and his body, but the slave of his unexamined passions.

Miss Harris, the most experienced repertory actress in the company, flounced through the role of Mrs. Karslake in *The New York Idea* like an overfed butterfly in heat. By contrast, as Olga, she was subdued and pensive, yet never submissive. She is mannered, yes—her head and voice always pointing toward some far-off corner that is forever England—but by now she has earned the right to an artfulness that is real precisely because it is so firmly her own.

When and if the company returns the Chekhov play to its repertory, perhaps she will give Olga to Ellen Burstyn, taking Masha for herself. Sadly, Miss Burstyn's performance stands as the emblem of what went wrong in Brooklyn. Not unlike Hamlet for men, the role of Masha is a cruel test of an actress's scope, emotional weight, and patient inventiveness. Just as *The Three Sisters* itself seemed alien to a company so much happier in farce, so did the gifted Miss Burstyn as Masha seem like a hardened midwestern librarian, wisecracking her way through a household into which she had strayed from a play by William Inge. Masha may be a genuine survivor, but this does not mean that she should behave like a woman who eats soldiers for breakfast.

Only in American theater could such a presumptuous coupling of plays and such a glossy production of Chekhov be produced. Would an opera company present only two works in its first season, the first an operetta by Victor Herbert, the second Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier* with a cast that had never sung the roles before, starring an untested soprano as the Marschallin? Would Frederick Ashton or Anthony Tudor ask Ann-Margret to try *Giselle* for size? Will BAM cast Auberjonois in the Hamlet that he can surely do, or will it reach for Redford and McQueen?

Chekhov himself had no presumptions. Writing in 1900 to Olga Knipper, the woman who would become his wife and eventually play the first Masha, he described his decision to put the writing of *The Three Sisters* aside for another season: "Let the play lie a bit and ripen," he wrote, "or, as certain good ladies say about a cake when they put it on the table—let it sigh." At the Brooklyn Academy of Music, only a few moments had ripened, and there wasn't a sigh in sight. ◉

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 87

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 59.

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Television

A Survival Kit for the Rerun Season

by Karl E. Meyer

THE saying about the Holy Roman Empire is that it wasn't holy, wasn't Roman, and wasn't an empire. The name Eastern Educational Television Network is similarly misleading since the organization is essentially national, deals with entertainment, and isn't really a network. All the same, the EEN, as it is called, is putting some breeze into the air as we drift into the summer television doldrums.

Thanks to this ad hoc consortium, two fine British series will be shown on 31 public stations around the country, in much the same arrangement that made the debut of *Monty Python's Flying Circus* possible a few years back.

Leading off is a 12-part series, *Shades of Greene*, which began July 8 and continues until September 23, offering dramatizations of 16 short stories by Graham Greene (check local schedules for precise day and time). But the other series, the *Wodehouse Playhouse*, is the real plum in the pudding: 13 weeks of Sir Pelham's thoroughly unadulterated and wonderfully trivial nonsense. This series runs from mid-July through October 2 (ditto on checking local schedules for time).

Remember Sarah, the gamine parlormaid in *Upstairs, Downstairs*? She was played by Pauline Collins, a versatile comedienne married to the equally versatile John Alderton, who played the chauffeur, Thomas. The two appear in all the half-hour Wodehouse playlets—each time in different leading roles. Although these BBC capers do not include the Jeeves stories, they are set in that same country, where the year is always 1927 and the people are harmless eccentrics with names like Freddie Fitch-Fitch and Aubrey Bassinger.

Aubrey—whose story, "Unpleasantness at Bludleigh Court," is told in an August installment of the series—is the long-haired author of *Pastels in Prose*; he has fallen in love with Charlotte Mulliner, author of *Vignettes in Verse*. While dining on nut cutlet in a vegetarian restaurant, Aubrey entrusts Charlotte with his dread secret: all the males in his family—father, brothers, and uncle—are obsessed with blood sports. "To my family, a rabbit seems incomplete without shot in it," he tells Charlotte, who, by chance, has just been invited to visit the Bassinger estate, Bludleigh Court. Upon her arrival, she finds a devotion to killing animals that would seem excessive even to our National Rifle Association. "Have you shot a gnu, Miss Mulliner?" is Uncle Sir Francis's welcome to Charlotte, who retorts, "I haven't even spoken harshly to one."

Wodehouse players Alderton and Collins—"A taste for the ludicrous."

But the Bludleigh curse is infectious. Charlotte takes to writing poems on the joys of shooting gnus and even stalks Uncle Sir Francis with an air rifle, right in the midst of the annual garden party. Charlotte and Aubrey finally flee the murderous countryside for the pastoral gentleness of the big city. This is as close to a "message" as anything in Wodehouse, and the series cannot be commended to anyone whose taste for the ludicrous is underdeveloped.

SHADES OF GREENE, a Thames Television International production, has both light and dark tints. Greene's antic mood is risibly on display in "When Greek Meets Greek," to be shown on or around July 15. The story is in the same vein as *Our Man in Havana* and features Paul Scofield, who here gives a bravura comic performance in the Alec Guinness tradition.

The time is World War II, the place is Oxford: enter Nicholas Fennick, B.A., president of St. Ambrose's College. Fennick has invented the college, which consists of a tacky flat over a chemist's shop, as a swindle. For a fee, anyone can get an "Oxford degree" through a correspondence course. Fees are refundable in the event of failure, but as Fennick beamingly observes, "No one will ever fail."

A peer of the realm, Lord Driver, enrolls his son in the bogus college—that's the good news. The bad news is that Lord Driver wishes to come to Oxford and inspect dear old St. Ambrose's. But the peer is as fraudulent as the college, and his noble son is serving time in a reformatory for delinquents. What happens when con men con each other forms the plot of this wholly captivating hour-long drama.

Both Wodehouse and Greene are summer dividends for public-television viewers, who have had to endure prolonged and sometimes insufferable appeals for membership dollars. But those dollars made possible the purchase of both British series, along with four other specials and dramas from Swedish and Danish television, also to be seen this summer. The viewer thus has a chance to watch something besides recycled garbage. For my part, I will put up with those auctions and harangues. At least for a while. ◉

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Booked for Travel

A Few Hot Licks on Arizona

by Horace Sutton

THERE once was a day when the southwestern summer was only for lizards and lost-in-the-desert gold seekers who, in cartoons, anyway, crawled across the desert gathering hallucinations of oases. Nowadays there are folders being circulated that promise: "The one and only Arizona Biltmore can save you 50% this summer." The equally upholstered digs of the Camelback Inn, once as selective as a DAR dowager, has dropped its rates as low as $30 a day in summer and is seeking visits from teen tours that originate in the eastern states, Europeans, military people, and government employees. It has "Getaway" packages and "Escape" packages at $45 a night for two with two meals, plus $3 for green fees and free tennis. Six of the ten courts are lighted for night play, when the temperature may glide under 100.

A day when the temperature fails to reach 100 is a cool day. A woman who thumps the tom-tom for the convention bureau says, without duress, that in a relatively short stay in these parts she has seen a stretch of 18 days when the temperature bubbled over 115. The humidity, however, rarely registers over 15 percent, should that be considered a plus. While the low humidity may make the heat bearable to some, it doesn't really affect car drivers, who carry a potholder to open car doors, spare towels to drape over car seats. "Many's the night," an Ohio transplant said to me, "when I listen to the ten o'clock news and the thermometer is still at a hundred and three. I can't imagine how anyone lived out here without air conditioning." How the whole place could survive without Saudi oil to run the coolers is another matter. In summer the restaurants are often so cold women find they need sweaters.

If the Southwest doesn't come equipped with an ocean to cool off the days, it does have combers at a facility called Big Surf. There, by the artifice of man, manufactured waves come rolling 430 feet into shore, one a minute—you can set your waterproof watch by it—and some from three to five feet high. Anyone who wants to complete the illusion can hotfoot it over to the Nantucket Lobster Trap, which imports lobsters from Maine, serves them with steamers and corn on the cob, clambake style.

A new community called McCormack Ranch, which sells desert houses and puts up prospective customers and others at its inn, has built a lake and outfitted it with sailboats. Sailing a boat in the middle of parched desert land may seem a rather arch form of amusement, but Arizonans like to tell you that they register more boats per capita than any other state. In man's determination to defeat the natural course of meteorology, it would scarcely be surprising to learn that Alaska has more swimming pools per capita than any other state.

Phoenicians and visitors also cool off by tubing—which is to say, riding on an inner tube—down the Salt and the Verde rivers. It is an excursion that requires two cars, one to be left at the departure point and the other to be left at the destination for the ride back.

Whatever it may expend in oil, tubing beats the heat. But, then, so does sitting in the enormous lobby of the year-and-a-half-old Phoenix Hyatt, which, in the fashion of the mother company, has been fitted with a sky-high atrium. A piano tinkles at a small ground-floor bar, presumably to provide comfort, spirited and aural, to those who are checking in or checking out. The action is on the next deck, which is spread with a huge open restaurant and bar. With free use of so much space, something had to get short shrift, and in this case it was the pool. It is waist-high and intended for dunkers and lap swimmers, but not for divers. Airline stewardesses, resting between planes, decorate the poolside.

The Hyatt has been placed facing Civic Plaza and Symphony Hall, which embrace an esplanade decorated with controversial statues that bear a resemblance to the Vigeland figures in Oslo's Frogner Park. Just up the block, the old Adams Hotel, inspired by the urban renewal of downtown Phoenix, has done itself over. The tall glass tower of the Valley National Bank is reputed to be the highest building between Phoenix and the coast, which is a fair enough statement considering the real estate that lies between. Despite the refur-

Arizona Biltmore

Arizona Biltmore—"William Wrigley, Jr., kept it together with chewing gum."

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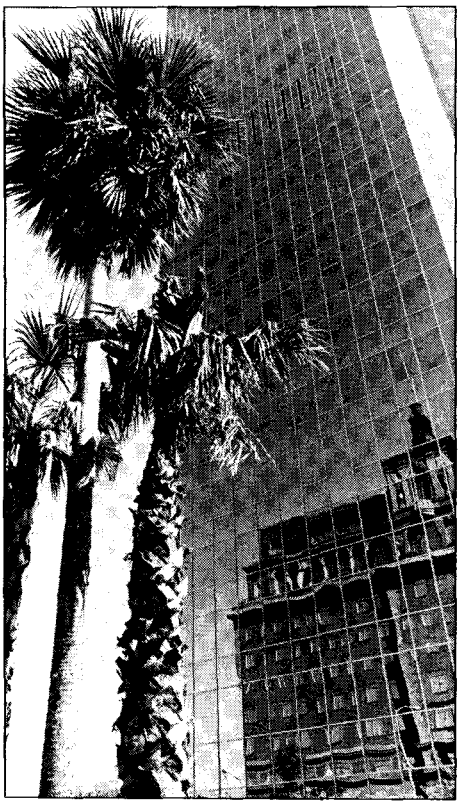

Redone Phoenix—"Fair enough considering the real estate that lies between."

Dancers in Civic Plaza, Phoenix—"An esplanade decorated with statues that bear a resemblance to the Vigeland figures in Oslo's Frogner Park."

bishment, however, visitors are still warned not to wander into the local skid row, a few blocks away.

Turquoise in all shapes, prices, and quality is the shopper's attraction, but to be properly outfitted, southwestern style, dudes and other invaders apply to Clay Stapley's Western Wear at 42 North Central. The customers range from Indians to foreign tourists, as one can see from a look at the customers' book, which bears adjacent signatures of Robert Guillaumot of Paris and Isaac Dog Eagle.

Stapley's sells belt buckles from $2.50 to $80, but foreigners turn to hats and boots. Stetsons, made by the John B. Stetson Company, come in a variety of designs, from the broad-brimmed High Mesa to the less flamboyant Open Road of the type worn by President Truman. Stapley's boots come in assorted fashions, too, but the Boot Barn, on North Fifty-eighth Avenue in Glendale, makes boots not just in cowhide, but also in lizard, sea turtle, ostrich, water buffalo, and anteater.

Most of the boutiques cluster around Scottsdale, the residential and recreational suburb of Phoenix. Perhaps exurb might be a more fitting term, even though Scottsdale is only about ten miles from Phoenix and the lines of urban demarcation are difficult for the outsider to determine. Whatever, there are 300 so-called specialty

Arizona Office of Tourism

Scottsdale—"Exurb might be a more fitting term, even though it is only ten miles from Phoenix and the lines of urban demarcation are difficult to determine."

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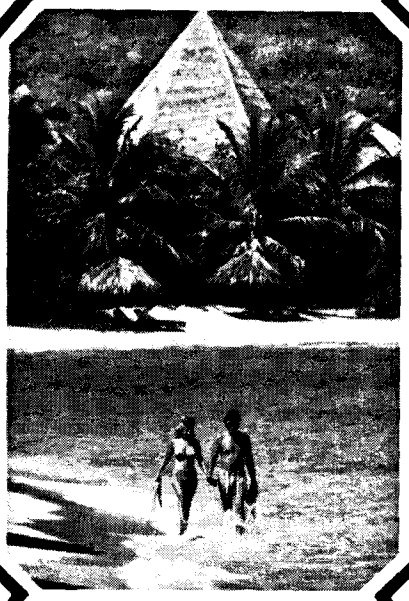

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shops in the Fifth Avenue section of Scottsdale, a considerable addition to the studied cow-town streets that once gave the community its special style. Lulu Belle's, the quintessential upholstered saloon, a standby of the quarter, now spiffs it up with veal Oscar, prime ribs, and rack of lamb.

Scottsdale Mall, a relatively recent addition, turns 180 degrees away from cow-town put-on. It is a grassy, flowering enclave, sprinkled with benches, aspens, and waterfalls, and threaded with brick walks. The Scottsdale Symphony plays in the Scottsdale Center for the Arts. Doubletree Inn is a trig hideaway with rooms strung in three decks around a pool. The digs that cost $70 in winter are $34 in summer, and some singles in the hot, hot season are as low as $20. There is one tennis court, but in summer that may be enough.

The inn's Cork Tree is a pleasant, on-the-premises western restaurant done in muted colors, with hanging plants dangling above the tile-topped tables. Steak and an enchilada, Idaho trout with taco salad, and deep-fried zucchini are samples of the fare. In times when drinks at big-city bars cost $2.50, Doubletree's double shots are $1 and hot hors d'oeuvres at cocktail time are free.

Elsewhere in the mall, visitors can sit encased behind the glass at Chez Louis, looking through the ferns on the sunken plaza, or drop in at China Lil's, the local won-ton palace, or at Jed Nolan's for Dixieland. Benihana, Trader Vic, and Hunan have all come to Scottsdale, settling into locations outside the mall.

If Scottsdale and Phoenix, hooked as they are on Mexican cuisine, were to pick "this year's restaurant" in the fashion affected by Parisians, then this year's tortilla parlor would surely be Guadalaharrys. The prepared plates of south-of-the-border explosives are a joy to look at, the deep-dish *margaritas* large enough to hold a porpoise show.

The most elegant culinary den of all is the Arizona Biltmore's Orangerie, a café-restaurant newly redone after a disastrous fire in the hotel in 1973. A whole wall of glass allows the gardens to provide their own backdrop for long chandeliers that drip like melting stalactites from the high ceiling. The hexagonal, mirrored containers for plants, hanging, too, are the design of architect William Wesley Peters, chief of Frank Lloyd Wright's Taliesin group.

It was Wright who was called in to work on the project in 1927, Wright who decided to use concrete block, and Wright who conceived the elaborate copper and gold-leaf ceiling for the Aztec Room, now used for meetings and banquets. The hotel opened in 1929, in the teeth of the stock market crash, and had to be rescued by William Wrigley, Jr., who bought the hotel, along with 1,200 acres of land, and kept it together with chewing gum. The Wrigleys built a desert splendor now called La Colina Solana, a hilltop palace that they sold along with the hotel. Its 26 rooms are now rentable to hotel guests.

Wright's vision of Arizona as a playground for all America has come true in a fashion more democratic than was originally envisioned. What was a winter playground for the wealthy has become a conventionland and a place for packaged summer tours. The Arizona Biltmore, once so rarefied a preserve, prints brochures that suggest it is the perfect venue for banquets, weddings, and bar mitzvahs. Off-season "flings," as they are called, are aimed at tennis, golf, or family vacations. Six nights of a tennis fling will cost two people $224, including a double room, use of therapy pool and sauna, half-hour private lesson per person, evening tennis clinic, two rounds of golf, and all the amenities of the resort.

Time and circumstance have changed the storied Camelback Inn, too. The resort, once so selective in its choice of guests, is now operated by Marriott, which sells its rooms to guests, who, for about $75,000, can become part owners. Owners share in the profits (last year's receipts netted each tenant about $5,000) and can stay in the room they own, or at any other Marriott hotel, for 28 days. They can even take a cruise on the Marriott-affiliated Sun Line, which flies the Greek flag and in summer bounces among the Greek islands.

About all that is prohibited on Camelback grounds nowadays—at least the only visible prohibitions—are bikes and skateboards. The resort that had a neat and tidy 135 rooms now, under Marriott, has expanded to 423 rooms. All of them are new. The original buildings, except for the lobby, have been destroyed. The pool is heated—though in summer a cooling device would be better—and the apron has been carpeted with synthetic grass. A palmy island is a beckoning oasis in the middle of the water. A championship golf course is three miles away. Slippery Gulch Ranch is Camelback's getaway place for western dustups. A guest can rent a bike. Or a horse. Or a hall. Marriott's version of the Camelback Inn is the complete resort. Phoenix is the complete playground. And in summer it's hot stuff. ◉

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World Progress Report

The Royal Family

The cardinal proof that the human race is going to hell on an express train, according to many social philosophers and backfence gossips, is the demise of the nuclear family—mommy, daddy, and the little kiddies. A candid portrait of today's family from this perspective shows divorced parents, neglected children, and grandparents abandoned to Social Security and the old-age home.

Not so, insists Dr. Mary Jo Bane, assistant professor at Wellesley College and associate director of the college's Center for Research on Women. In *Here to Stay: American Families in the Twentieth Century*, recently published by Basic Books, Bane blames these popular misconceptions about the way things are on common myths about the way things used to be. The dearly remembered extended family, for example, according to Bane's research in old census records, was actually no more common in Colonial America than it is today. Then, as now, about 6 percent of American households embraced three generations under one roof.

Nor is that modern devil divorce increasing the proportion of single-parent families, says Bane. In the good old days, she notes, death enforced an ultimate separation, breaking up as many marriages as legal decrees do today. The difference is that today divorced people survive to marry again, most of them successfully.

Bane also dispels the rumor that modern families are more footloose than their forerunners, severing vital family ties at the drop of a better job offer; or that the increasing opportunity for mothers to work outside the home is depriving children of maternal care. According to demographer Bane, great-grandma, her nose to the household grindstone, probably had as little time to devote to the kiddies as her working granddaughter does.

A Drop in the Bucket

Judging by reader response to a recent item in this column about a device to reduce the amount of water flushed down the toilet, water conservation is a popular theme these days. Another easy way to save water—especially hot water, which costs extra money to heat and accounts for about 30 percent of all the water used in the home—is to install shower heads and faucets that do more with less.

The University of Massachusetts, where students evidently shower regularly, reportedly cut $130,000 from its annual hot-water bill by switching to $12.95 shower heads made by Ecological Water Products, of Newport, Rhode Island. The shower heads, which force water into a concentrated spray, use 60 percent less water per shower than do conventional models, according to the manufacturer, and can cut as much as $70 off the annual water bill of an ordinary family. Other manufacturers, such as Kohler, make similar "jet spray" shower heads.

The same companies also supply faucets that convert the normal steady stream of water to an aerated flow. These aerators purportedly save up to 1,500 gallons of water per month for a family of four. While waiting to install the new hardware, however, a water-conscious citizen can save a lot simply by stopping drips in his existing plumbing. One drop per second adds up to two gallons a day down the drain.

Cracking Up

It seems that the government of Scotland, a thrifty place if there's any truth to myth, was worried about the wasteful habits of hens who lay broken eggs. Cracked shells were costing farmers more than $13 million per year. Scientists at the government's Poultry Research Center spent ten years trying to identify the conditions of diet or environment that might be causing the hens to produce more fragile eggs. Finally, the researchers discovered the factor that made most of the difference: some of the hens were laying their eggs in a standing position. "Each hen has its own drop height," said the center's annual report, without breaking a yolk. "Some stand too tall off the ground, and that is how the eggs are cracked."

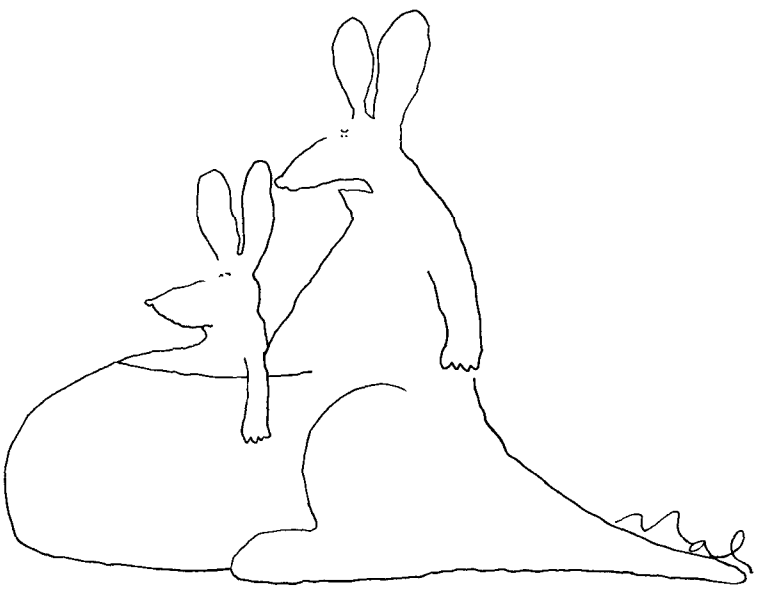
Surgical Speed

The standard prescription for the excruciating pain that afflicts many patients after surgery has been a dose of morphine. Doctors are reluctant to offer large doses of the pain-killer, however, because of the well-known dangers of addiction and other side effects.

The *New England Journal of Medicine* recently reported, however, that doctors at the Stanford University School of Medicine have increased the effectiveness of morphine without boosting the dose. Their secret was "speed," properly known as amphetamine, a drug more notorious for its abuse than its use.

The addition of ten milligrams of amphetamine, the doctors found, can double the effectiveness of a six-milligram dose of morphine without affecting the patient's respiration, blood pressure, or alertness. Under the direction of Stanford's Dr. William H. Forrest, Jr., and ten other researchers, the morphine-speed combination has been successfully tested on 450 patients at five Veterans Administration hospitals.

—ANTHONY WOLFF



"Son, isn't it about time you were thinking about getting out on your own?"

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Trade *from page 22*

Commission on Auditors' Responsibilities, appointed several years ago by the American Institute of Certified Public Accountants and headed by Manuel F. Cohen (former chairman of the SEC), called for an expanded role of auditors in detecting illegal and questionable acts on the part of their clients—including 40 different recommendations for changing auditing and reporting procedures.

Certainly, vigilant boards and truly independent auditors could ease the QP problem, especially in conjunction with more vigorous regulatory enforcement. But there are still more important questions. Costs could be astronomical if, for example, auditors were forced to explore every nook and cranny of their clients' businesses to try to catch all forms of management misconduct. And unless auditors and board members got their fees from sources other than the firms they were supposed to be watching, some suspicion of conflict of interest would always linger.

Multilateral Regulation. The limitations inherent in unilateral approaches have prompted calls for international cooperation in dealing with corrupt practices. The leading proponent of this approach is the U.S. State Department, which cajoled the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD) into adopting the following clause in its 1976 voluntary code of conduct for MNCs: "Enterprises should not render—and they should not be solicited or expected to render—any bribe or other improper benefit, direct or indirect, to any public servant or holder of public office." The State Department has also proposed that a multilateral agreement be negotiated within the United Nations to deter and disclose corporate wrongdoing, and that the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade in Geneva incorporate anti-QP wording into its Articles of Agreement.

Almost everyone in the U.S. likes the international approach. Yet the American effort to export the campaign against business bribery isn't finding many buyers abroad. *The Wall Street Journal* has reported that "some foreigners view it as a mixture of woolly-minded idealism and hard-headed Yankee guile," and that "there are signs that the search for ways to eliminate payoff competition could become as frustrating as the search for new international rules to govern the use of the seas, which has produced many conferences but few agreements."

If a QP agreement did emerge in the U.N., for example, it could not be ratified in less than two years. Besides being unenforceable, it is likely that any such code would end up so watered-down in gaining general acceptance that it would be all but useless. The problem of QPs is a political bombshell everywhere, and, with the possible exception of Sweden, most nations seem disposed to let the Americans run with this particular hot potato by themselves.

Collective Self-Regulation. To combat corrupt practices, the Paris-headquartered International Chamber of Commerce (ICC) has prepared a self-regulatory international code of conduct entitled "Ethical Practices in Commercial Transactions." The code is remarkably tough, going far beyond the OECD effort and laying down standards more stringent than the law now imposes in most countries.

Skeptics see such business codes as "prescriptions for doing nothing," and it is indeed hard to see how the ICC code could acquire teeth other than those of moral suasion. Executives in countries like France who believe that QPs will remain a fact of life are not likely to adhere very closely no matter what the code says. And various American executives say that they put little stock in codes other than the ones companies are able to formulate for themselves.

Individual Self-Regulation. A final approach to the QP problem is self-regulation by corporate management. Various techniques are available for internal cleansing, and many have already been applied in scores of MNCs. Some firms have established new codes of conduct or reaffirmed old ones that prohibit the use of company funds for political or illegal purposes. Others have improved internal reporting systems and controls. Exxon, for example, has instituted uniform financial controls throughout the company and strengthened communications among its auditors. A number of MNCs have established special audit committees composed of outside directors. Others have adopted stringent new policies governing the solicitation, use, and payment of international agents and consultants. A few have reorganized to gain control of their foreign operations.

But in the end, we are forced to agree with Marcus Aurelius's sentiment that "a man should be upright; not be kept upright." Ultimately a major share of responsibility for reform does indeed fall on the business community itself. We see a genuine and strong willingness on the part of many MNCs to clean up their act, for bribery is indeed costly and corrupting. Corporate self-regulation—with plenty of external prodding—is perhaps the most practical and effective solution. It is not so much a matter of rules or procedures. Rather, in the words of the McCloy Committee, which investigated the Gulf Oil case, it is "the tone and purpose given to the company by its top management."

Our discussion of the dimensions of international corporate payoffs—in terms of the home and host countries, industries and firms involved—ultimately leads us to the root of QPs: the inability of markets to work well. Efficient markets need a large number of buyers and sellers competing with each other. They also need low transaction costs, good information, freedom from artificial impediments, and products that are easily identified and priced so that people know what they are buying and selling and can tell when they are getting value for money. Most often, QPs are the results of things that *prevent* markets from working efficiently. Sometimes there are only a few sellers trying frantically to peddle their wares. Sometimes there are only a few buyers in a given market, or only a single one—as in government procurement. And there are all kinds of interferences with free markets as well: tariffs, taxes, foreign-exchange and price controls, labor restrictions, and many more. Sometimes language or sociocultural barriers make it hard or even impossible to do business. All give rise to the incentive structures that underlie QPs.

What does this suggest about the various solutions to the payoff problem that have been proposed? It suggests that each represents a "second best" approach by focusing exclusively on raising obstacles to QPs—plugging holes in the dike—without attacking the heart of the matter, improving the ability of markets to do their job. To be sure, some obstacles to market efficiency (like language or cultural differences) can never be eliminated, and so the temptation to use them as an excuse to exploit the monopoly positions held by middlemen will always exist. Some obstacles, like foreign-exchange restrictions, may be seen as socially and economically necessary, and QPs that undermine them should rightly be attacked head-on. But aside from such exceptions we find it hard to think of cases where the real solution to the payoff dilemma does not fundamentally hinge on removing the underlying incentives related to market failures.

Unfortunately, there is very little the

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U.S. can do to improve market efficiency in countries where QPs occur. This they have to do by themselves, for themselves. So we should understand from the outset that anything we do is almost certain to be second best in nature and therefore doomed to failure if its aim is to wipe out payoffs once and for all. We can make the patient feel better, but we cannot cure his illness.

Within that constraint, however, any potentially useful approach ought to be devised and enforced with care and precision, and it must clearly discriminate between proper and improper behavior. Legitimate and socially useful business practices should not be inhibited. In making these distinctions, the policy should be flexible, so as to accommodate both unique circumstances in the short term and changing circumstances in the long term. It should also be realistic—for instance, penny-ante grease is probably ineradicable, and attention should focus instead on curbing the most egregious kinds of QPs, such as major bribery and sordid extortion. Since unenforced or unenforceable laws create little more than disrespect, we ought to accept the real limitations of national sovereignty and corporate control. And we should try to promote an equitable shouldering of the burdens of reform. The search for remedies should not focus exclusively on givers of QPs and ignore recipients, focus on U.S. firms and ignore foreign enterprises, or focus on those firms that voluntarily disclose QPs and ignore those that remain silent.

Nothing about QPs is simple or straightforward—neither the problem itself nor its prospective solution. This hardly means that patent remedies like criminalization won't be tried. The wheels are already rolling. It does mean, though, that such remedies by themselves offer little hope of success and in some respects may indeed backfire. Real progress is likely to come in a complex and gradual way, combining various elements of diverse approaches that attack both the symptoms and the root causes of the disease. But a war fought on many fronts appeals to nobody, least of all to politicians. And so it might be well to brace ourselves for a rough ride ahead. ◉

Thomas N. Gladwin and Ingo Walter teach at the New York University Graduate School of Business Administration. They are currently finishing a book on the management of conflict by multinational corporations, to be published by John Wiley & Sons.

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Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton

						1 B	2 D	3 L	4 T	5 I		6 N	7 E	8 L	9 Q	
10 U		11 D	12 C	13 T		14 R	15 H		16 O	17 B	18 Q	19 N	20 R	21 M	22 P	
23 F	24 I	25 K	26 P	27 H	28 A	29 S	30 W	31 C		32 U		33 L	34 O	35 K	36 V	37 Q
	38 C	39 K	40 N	41 I	42 H	43 G	44 T		45 R		46 K	47 A	48 D	49 P	50 O	51 F
52 V		53 D	54 E		55 C	56 O	57 M	58 N	59 F	60 G	61 L	62 V		63 A	64 U	65 E
66 H	67 C	68 I	69 J		70 L	71 U	72 S		73 W		74 I	75 M	76 K	77 J	78 N	79 U
80 A	81 F		82 O	83 W		84 Q	85 P	86 J	87 N	88 C	89 M	90 S	91 E		92 K	93 I
94 J	95 U		96 V		97 P	98 Q	99 G	100 N	101 K	102 H	_	103 D	104 S	105 F	106 W	_
107 J	108 C	109 A		110 U	111 O		112 Q	113 M	114 V	115 I	116 N	117 E	118 R		119 T	120 J
121 A		122 A	123 K	124 F	125 M	126 I	127 R	128 L		129 V		130 J	131 B	132 T		133 H
134 O	135 N	136 M	137 K	138 I		139 G	140 Q	141 K	142 F	143 C		144 U	145 S	146 C	147 N	148 A
149 O	150 M	151 E		152 I	153 S		154 P	155 H	156 Q		157 B	158 S		159 I	160 R	161 E
	162 K	163 O	164 U		165 D	166 A	167 N	168 W	169 I		170 J	171 C	172 W	173 K	174 L	
175 B	176 E	177 S	178 H	179 Q		180 F	181 I	182 D	183 N	184 V						

Number 127

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Period of youthful inexperience (2 wds.)	28 47 63 80 109 121 148 166 122
B. Yellowish-brown color of resin	131 157 175 1 17
C. Highballed, framed, pushed through	38 55 88 108 146 171 12 31 67 143
D. Small herringlike fish of the Mediterranean	182 48 165 11 53 2 103
E. Fixed, precise	161 176 54 117 151 7 65 91
F. Resembling a two-handled glass or earthenware flask used by the ancient Romans for oil, wine, or perfumes	105 124 23 51 81 142 180 59
G. Opinion	43 60 99 139
H. Wickedness	178 15 27 133 155 42 66 102
I. Photographic process invented in 1839	138 159 181 24 41 68 93 115 126 152 5 74 169
J. Deprived of freshness by continuous use or exposure to detrimental influences	69 130 94 77 170 107 86 120
K. Suddenly and unexpectedly (4 wds.)	123 141 162 76 92 101 46 39 25 173 35 137

CLUES	WORDS
L. "For _____ honour doth forget men's names" (comp., *King John*)	61 128 33 8 70 174 3
M. French literary critic and writer (1853—1915; *Jean Racine*)	21 125 57 89 113 136 75 150
N. Interpreter of dreams	78 100 147 183 87 135 167 116 19 6 58 40
O. Beyond control (3 wds.)	82 134 149 34 50 163 16 111 56
P. Scheduled	154 26 85 97 22 49
Q. Natural capacity or power	9 112 37 140 98 84 156 179 18
R. Ancient region lying between Jordan, the Dead Sea, and the Mediterranean	20 118 160 14 45 127
S. Old World insectivorous mammal of the genus *Erinaceus*	145 104 72 90 158 29 153 177
T. Common European viper, *Vipera berus*	119 13 132 44 4
U. Excesses	71 10 95 32 64 144 110 164 79
V. Irritating, exasperating	62 96 36 52 129 184 114
W. Juicy morsel, choice bit of dirt	30 73 106 83 172 168

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 126* appears on page 49.

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Hail, Blithe Spirits

"Jimmy Carter has humanized the presidency, much as George Willig humanized the World Trade Center."

A FRIEND of mine is indignant about all the attention devoted to George Willig, the Queens mountain climber who recently scaled the south tower of New York's World Trade Center: "When so much important is happening, when New York is teetering on the brink of bankruptcy, and other New Yorkers—scientists, artists, planners—are involved in activities that will affect the world, what gets splashed all over the front pages is this show-off."

He is also peeved about the ballyhoo over President Carter's piloting our newest nuclear submarine. ("They gave five overweight sailors shore leave!") He thought the city of New York should have used the $100 million it spent renovating Yankee Stadium (a move that incidentally kept the Yankees in New York) for the purpose of funding "people programs" in the surrounding, sadly decrepit South Bronx. My friend is also annoyed that a game he invented in a spare moment—a form of tennis without a net—has garnered him more celebrity than his whole professional career, which has been devoted to teaching Euripides and Aeschylus.

His points are well taken. What makes the "news," what we choose to focus our attention on, is rarely what will ultimately prove significant. From a practical point of view, the only way a George Willig can affect the course of events is by inciting a rash of imitators, eager to muscle into the limelight.

From an emotional point of view, however, a George Willig *can* make a significant difference. The news—particularly the news from our cities—is remorselessly harsh. Crime rates soar, garbage goes uncollected, essential services are struck, corporations flee urban centers for the suburbs. Take the "news" to heart and it's enough to make one feel suicidal. A George Willig refutes that gloom by reminding us that urban man is still capable of whimsy and daring and showing off. That such a blithe spirit can flourish in what is supposedly a brutal American city suggests that headlines can be misleading.

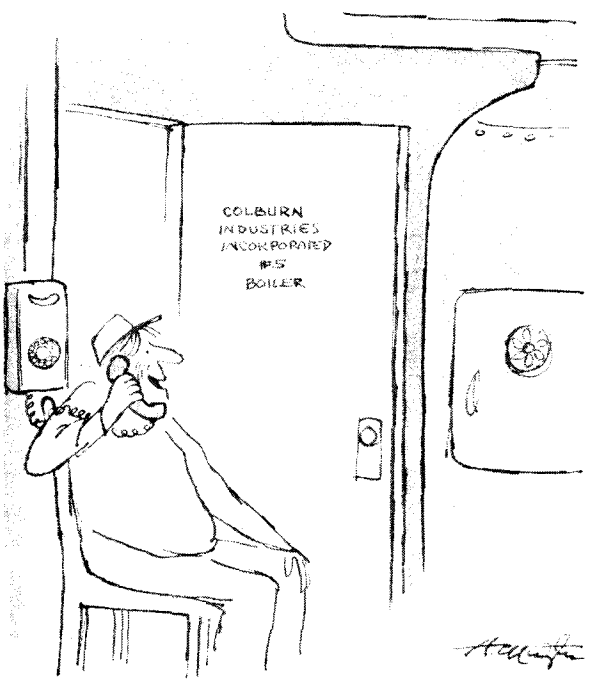
What is important about Willig's climb or President Carter's submarining or the Yankees' *not* leaving New York is not the events themselves but what they symbolize. Public relations "experts" like to assign dollar values to free publicity, but such figures are empty of any real meaning. The value of symbols is how they affect people's attitudes. Consider what a blow it would have been to New York's self-esteem to lose the Yankees, or how much more friendly and amusing a place New York seems post-Willig, and you begin to sense that such events have value indeed.

The power of symbols is demonstrated by President Carter's career thus far. From the "My name is Jimmy Carter" opening of his acceptance speech at the Democratic convention, to his Inaugural walk, to his cutting back on government limousines, to his sweater in the Fireside Chat, to his town meetings and radio Q-and-A sessions, to piloting the new *Los Angeles*, Carter has proven such an effective grandstander that his critics are beginning to fret that he is all style and no substance. He is not. No matter what one thinks of his energy proposals and foreign policy initiatives, they do represent substantive attempts to get things done. Nonetheless, the most important thing President Carter has done so far has been to improve Americans' distrustful attitude toward government and to create an atmosphere that should help him get things accomplished. He has humanized the presidency, much as George Willig humanized the World Trade Center.

From a larger perspective, my indignant friend is right: it *is* ludicrous and inappropriate to make heroes of the world's Willigs and to ignore the people engaged in getting things done. A new Yankee Stadium *is* a steep price to pay for a symbol, when all the surrounding neighborhoods are falling down. The teaching of Euripides and Aeschylus *is* a more worthwhile activity than the invention of yet another racket sport.

Still, we can be grateful to our symbol makers for focusing our attention and helping us define the age we live in. George Willig is no hero, and President Carter is not a hero because of his public relations stunts, but both men, through their symbolic acts, make us feel better about where we live.

—CARLL TUCKER



"Mr. Colburn, this is Fred Neher down in the #5 boiler room. I just called to say things are running smoothly here at the bottom. How are things going at the top?"

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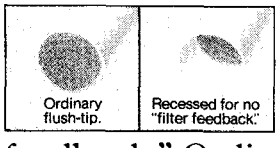
There's more to choosing a low-tar cigarette than just picking a number.

Any low-tar cigarette will give you a low-tar number. But there's something else that you should consider. We call it "filter feedback."



As you smoke, tar builds up on the tip of your cigarette filter. That's "filter feedback." Ordinary flush-tipped filters put that tar build-up flat against your lips.

And that's where low-tar Parliament has the advantage. Parliament's filter is recessed to keep tar buildup from touching your lips. So there's no "filter feedback." All you get is that smooth Parliament taste.

10 mg. Kings
12 mg. 100's

Low-tar Parliament.
More than just a number.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 10 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine—
100's: 12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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DAVID O. HILL

HOME: New York City

AGE: 36

PROFESSION: Wildlife conservationist; international airline pilot

HOBBIES: Birdwatching, photography, chamber music.

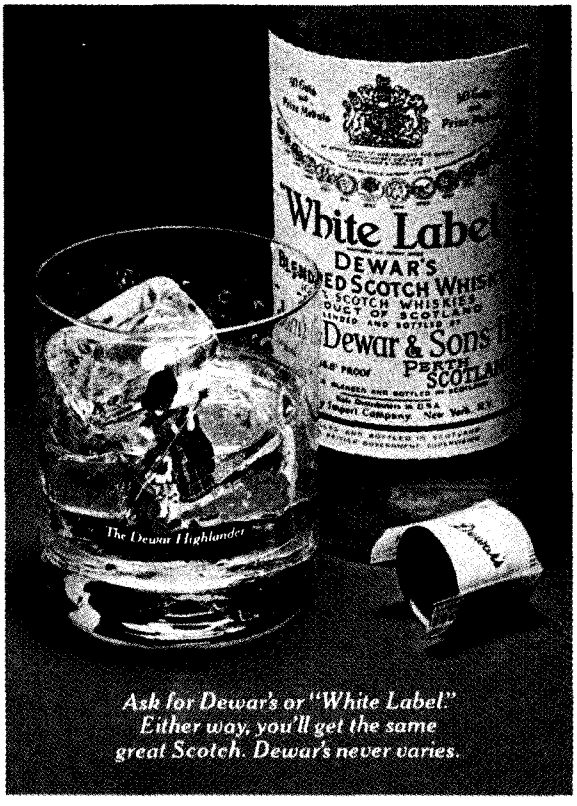
MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Animal Species and Evolution" by Ernst Mayr

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Founded Rare Animal Relief Effort, Inc. ("RARE"), a nonprofit, volunteer-run organization devoted to aiding endangered wildlife worldwide.

QUOTE: "The accelerating rate of extinctions would indicate a failure of the life-support systems upon which man and all living creatures depend. The preservation of species is, therefore, a necessary step in securing our own survival."

PROFILE: Dedicated. Foresighted. Intent on improving conditions for all living beings through his efforts to preserve wildlife.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"®



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